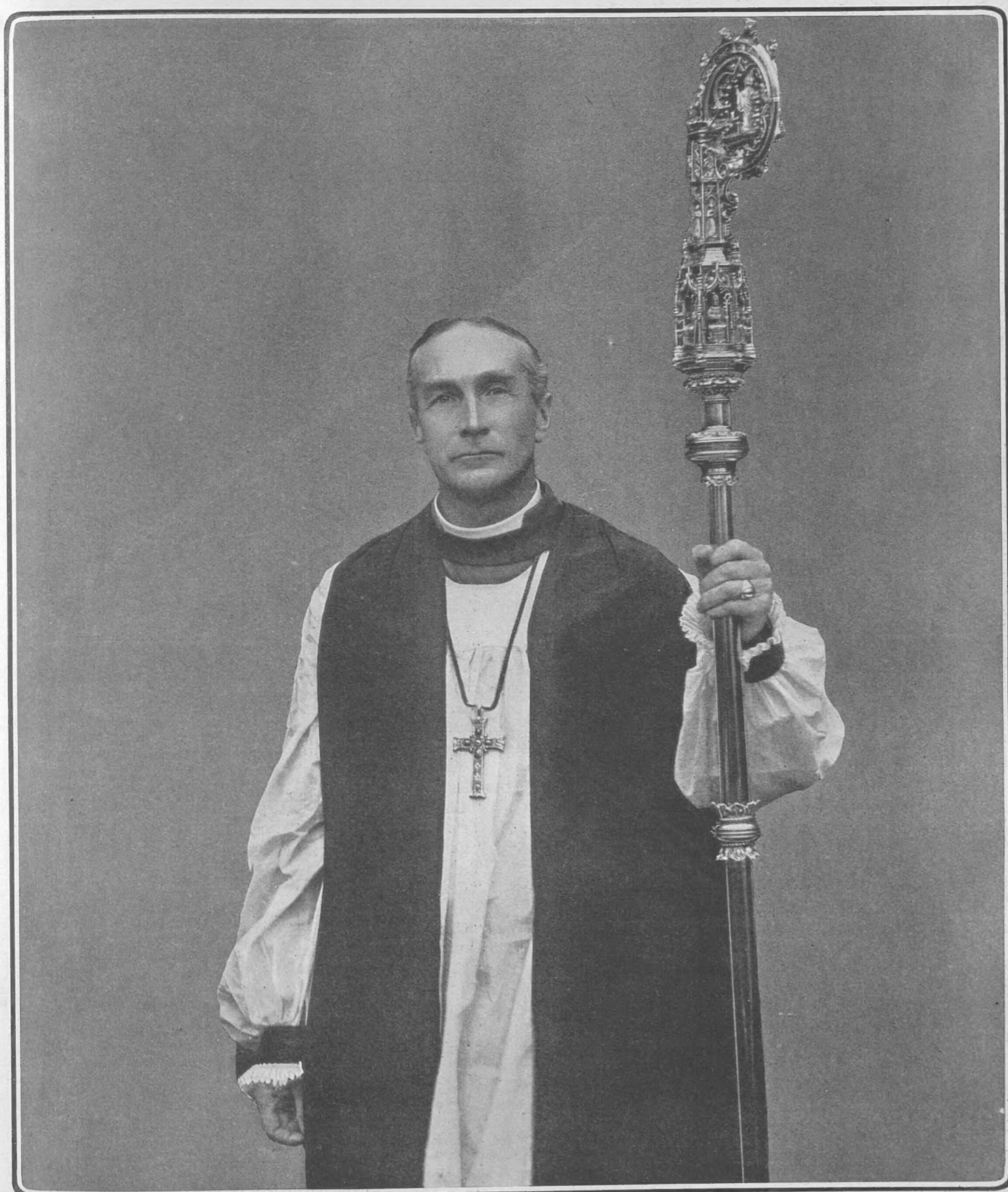




No. 667.—Vol. LII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1905.

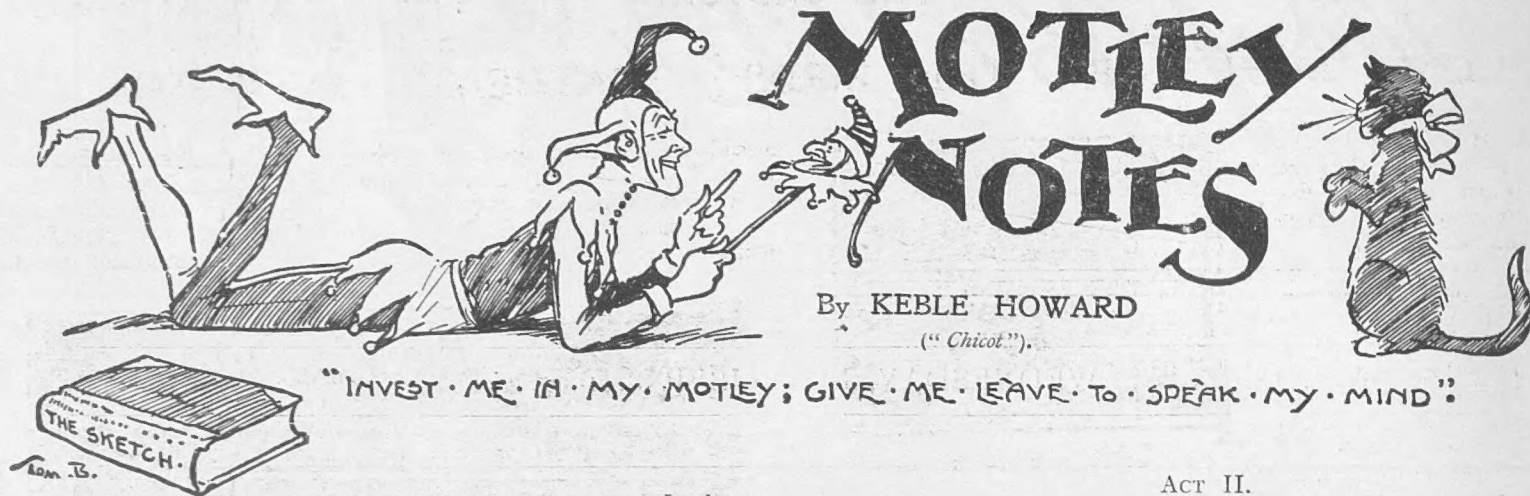
SIXPENCE.



THE "WAVE OF DRUNKENNESS" AT OXFORD: THE BISHOP OF LONDON, WHO STATES THAT  
INTEMPERANCE IS RIFE IN CERTAIN COLLEGES.

In a recent sermon, Dr. Winnington Ingram gave it as his belief that a wave of drunkenness was passing over certain of the Colleges at Oxford, and stated that he had on his hands at that moment in London at least twenty University men, hopeless drunkards, and one of the worst was a 'Varsity cox. Needless to say, the sermon has called forth much acrimonious discussion in academic and unacademic circles, and it is generally considered that the Bishop, himself an Oxford man, has somewhat overstated the evil.

*Photograph by Albert Hester.*



I HAVE a little comedy for you to-day, friend the reader. It is in two Acts, and it is taken direct from life. Nothing is extenuated or exaggerated. That I happened to play one of the principal parts in it myself is not to be laid to my charge. Anybody else would have played it just as badly—probably a good deal worse. The fact remains, however, that Fate, the inexorable Manager, cast me for the juvenile lead; otherwise, as you will see, I should have known nothing whatever about the matter. Now, without further prologue, prelude, preface, preamble, or puff preliminary, let us ring up the curtain. I have entitled the piece—

“WHO IS SHE?”

A COMEDIETTA IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS—“CHICOT” and “THE VOICE.” TIME—Wednesday last.

#### ACT I.

*The scene is laid in a queer-shaped room on the top floor of an old London house overlooking the river. Around the walls are many original drawings by favourite “Sketch” artists. In the centre of the room is a small table, upon which a very light meal, suitable to the means of a struggling author, is laid. At one end of the room stands a desk, and on the desk is the familiar “table-set” supplied by the Post-Office Telephone Department.*

(“CHICOT,” a gloomy-looking person bearing a vague resemblance to the drawing at the head of this page, is discovered devouring the lunch in the manner of one who has seen no food for a fortnight. Suddenly the telephone-bell rings. He starts violently, ejaculates “Thank you!” crosses to the desk, and holds receiver to ear.)

“CHICOT.” Hullo! Yes? Yes? What is it?

THE VOICE (evidently the property of a lady, young, refined, well-educated, up-to-date, rather slangy, possessed of a sense of humour). Is that ooooo, or some awful number? I mean, is that “Chicot,” you know?

“CHICOT.” Yes. Who are you?

THE VOICE. Oh, you wouldn't know if I told you. You don't know me, and I don't suppose you've ever seen me. But I've just been reading your notes in to-day's *Sketch* about Mr. Rolls's lecture to the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club, and I wanted to say that you're quite mistaken in thinking that he got a lot of sympathy when he gave that list of his accidents, because I was there, you know, and he didn't get any sympathy at all. They were a most frightfully cold, respectable audience—you know the sort I mean—and they didn't laugh or anything. I laughed, of course, because I'm frightfully in love with Mr. Rolls. I think he's a dear! But the others didn't, and so I thought I must ring you up and tell you so, and then you wouldn't feel jealous of him any more. I hope you don't mind.

“CHICOT.” Not a bit, but I wish you'd tell me who you are.

THE VOICE. Oh, but how can I, after telling you I'm madly in love with Mr. Rolls? It wouldn't do at all: you must see that.

“CHICOT.” I won't tell him.

THE VOICE. That's very nice of you, but I'd much rather keep it to myself. Only I thought I'd just let you know about the meeting. Good-bye!

“CHICOT” (replacing receiver and seating himself again before the frugal lunch). I wonder who in the world that is!

Curtain.

#### ACT II.

SCENE—The Same.

TIME—Twenty minutes later.

(“CHICOT” is still eating, though less ravenously. Suddenly the telephone-bell rings again. Again he starts violently, ejaculates “Thank you!” crosses to desk and holds receiver to ear.)

THE VOICE. I say, is that “Chicot”?

“CHICOT.” Yes.

THE VOICE. Oh, I was talking to you just now about Mr. Rolls, you know. I'm sorry to trouble you again, but would you mind telling me what you're like to look at?

“CHICOT.” I don't quite know. Why?

THE VOICE. Oh, just curiosity, and because I'm feeling particularly pleased with myself just now. Look here—

“CHICOT.” I wish I could.

THE VOICE. I'm glad you can't. But what I was going to say was, if I describe you as I think you are, will you tell me whether I'm right or wrong?

“CHICOT.” Yes.

THE VOICE. All right, then. I should think you've got fair hair, brushed down in a kind of fringe over your forehead. Is that right?

“CHICOT.” No.

THE VOICE. Bad luck. Well, I should say you had a rather fat face and grey eyes.

“CHICOT.” You're wrong about the face.

THE VOICE. What about the eyes?

“CHICOT.” I don't know.

THE VOICE. Well, do go and have a look and come back and tell me.

“CHICOT.” I haven't got a glass.

THE VOICE. What a pity! Still, I suppose if you won't tell me, you won't.

“CHICOT.” I wish you'd tell me who you are.

THE VOICE. But that wouldn't be half so much fun. (Laughs loudly.) I suppose you think I'm quite mad, don't you?

“CHICOT.” Rather mad.

THE VOICE. It's easy to be candid on the telephone. You wouldn't dare to say that to my face.

“CHICOT.” Yes, I should. I'm always candid.

THE VOICE. What a lot of enemies you must have!

“CHICOT.” Lots and lots. I say!

THE VOICE. Well?

“CHICOT.” How old are you?

THE VOICE. How old d'you think?

“CHICOT.” Twenty-six?

THE VOICE. You flatter me. I'm twenty-two.

“CHICOT.” A charming age!

THE VOICE. D'you think so? I'd much rather be eleven.

“CHICOT.” Why?

THE VOICE. Well, eleven's such a happy age, but at twenty-two one knows so much about the world, and what a beastly place it is.

“CHICOT.” What d'you know about it?

THE VOICE. Oh, volumes and volumes. (A pause.) I suppose I'd better ring off now. I'm sure I'm wasting your precious time.

“CHICOT.” No, you're not, because I shall make “copy” out of it.

THE VOICE. How awful! Please don't! What on earth have I said?

“CHICOT.” What does it matter, when nobody knows who you are?

THE VOICE. I shall simply tremble!

“CHICOT.” Tell me who you are, then?

THE VOICE. I couldn't—possibly. Good-bye.

“CHICOT.” Good-bye.

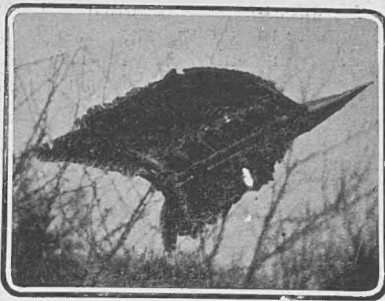
(Replaces receiver, returns to table, and leans head on hand, thinking.)

SLOW CURTAIN.

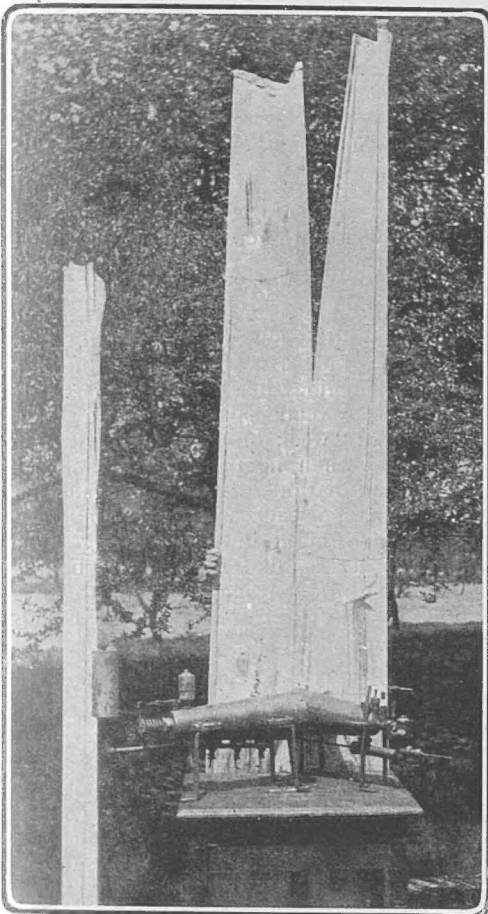


## CAN MAN COPY THE BIRDS? FEATHERED AIR-SHIPS.

RECOGNISING the already well-worn truism that a dirigible balloon is nothing more than a dirigible balloon, Mr. W. E. Irish, an electrical and mechanical engineer of Glenville, Ohio, is attempting the production of an "aëromobile" that shall be self-supporting without the aid of gas. To this end, he has studied the flight of birds to good purpose, and is now endeavouring to apply to a machine the principles Nature has applied to the "fowls of the air." As a result, the Irish air-ship owes what flights it has already attained in model form to a combination of motor and aëro-surfaces



AN AËRIAL TORPEDO IN FLIGHT.



THE 1 AND 4 IMPULSE GASOLINE-MOTORS, AND A PAIR OF 12-FT. LINEN WINGS, ALL BELONGING TO A 300 SQ.-FT. AIR-SHIP.

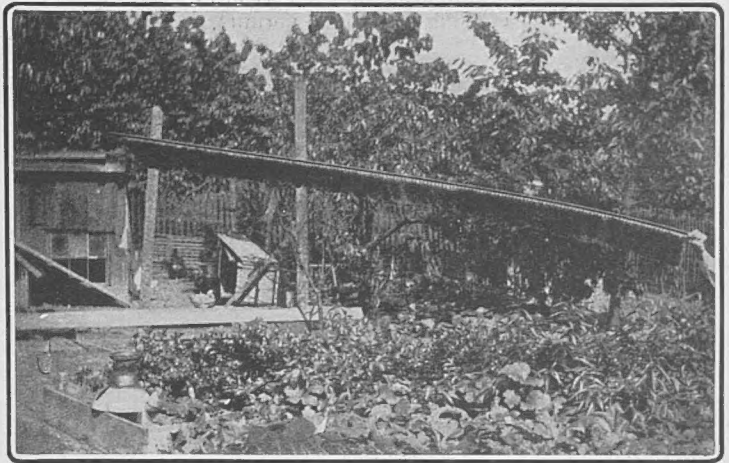
of feathers culled from the turkey's wing, "constructed and arranged on the unerring lines of Nature's best examples." The inventor's 500 square-foot "aëromobile" is designed to carry three passengers on water, on the earth, or in the air. On water it is to float on its boat car; on the earth it will run on wheels; in the air its wing-like surfaces afford support. A high rate of speed will, it is calculated, lift it from land or water into the air.

Mr. Irish, who has met with much success in the hundreds of experiments he has carried out, is also the inventor of an engine of destruction that, on the Blochian and Kaiser-like theory of the deadlier weapon the less the chance of war, should assist materially in keeping the peace of the world. This is nothing less than an aerial torpedo, which, it is claimed, can be

driven through the air by means of gasoline-motors and propellers, carry a charge of 250 lb. of high explosive, and travel five-and-twenty miles or so with increasing velocity "until it meets and wrecks itself against some obstruction, or until the heat of its motor, due to its excessive work, ignites and blows it to atoms." Surely, another and

already remarked, but for a 300 square-foot machine of his construction he used fine linen cloth, although he finds that fabrics are vastly inferior to feathers, wood, sheet-metal, horn, celluloid; and kindred substances.

The small air-ships shown in flight on this page are all made of feathers, and, "although simple and inexpensive to make and easy to

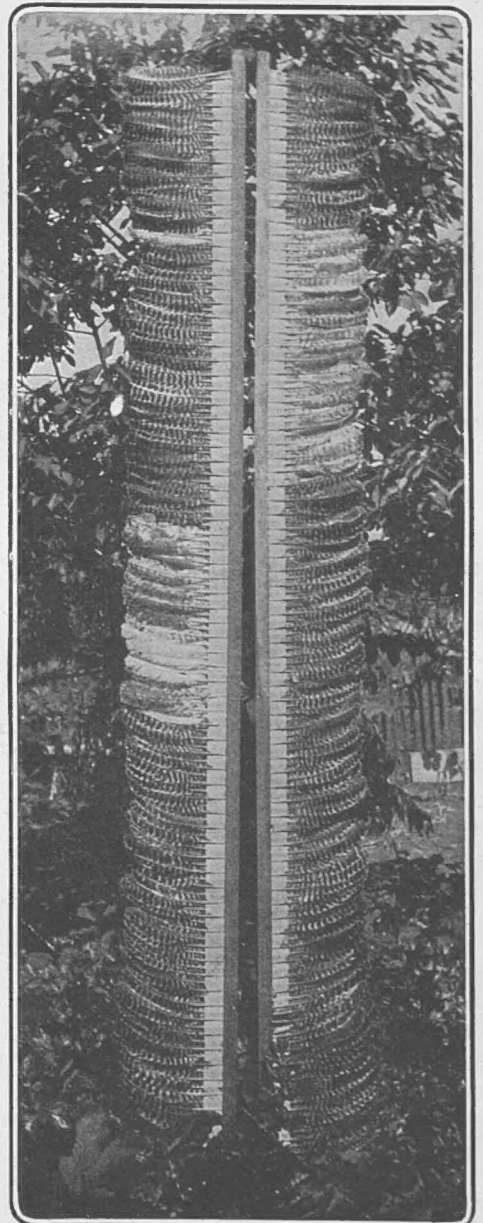


THE 12-FOOT WING OF AN AIR-SHIP, WHICH FINDS FULL SUPPORT ON A LIGHT BREATH OF WIND.

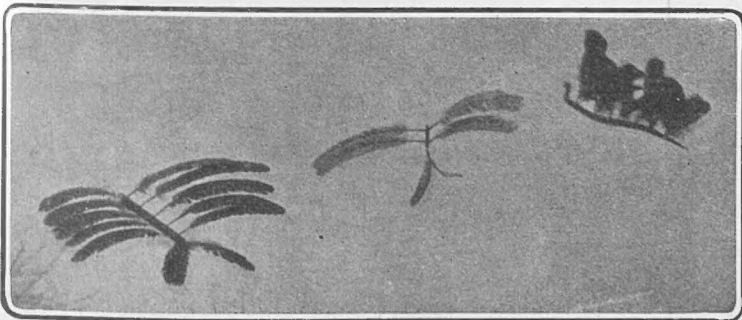
operate, they afford more valuable information than any large machine built on theoretical lines only."

Mr. Irish was well known as an inventor a decade or two ago, and for some years he was one of the British Government's instructors in submarine-mining. He already numbers his inventions by the score, and many of them, he claims, were the pioneers of modern ideas. As an example, he cites the fact that he was attempting to invent a telephone some

years before Bell discovered the correct principles, and, in like manner, he took up wireless-telegraphy only to be outpaced by Marconi. He is nothing if not confident in the powers of his feathered air-ships and aerial torpedoes. "Just think," he says, "of the enormous resistance that must be overcome in forcing a big ship through a heavy medium like water. Would that resistance exist in the air? A boat, too, is absolutely dependent upon water of sufficient depth to float it. An air-ship needs only the atmosphere as a medium, and the atmosphere covers all the earth. Could a steam-boat sail from Queens-town, stop at New York, and then continue on to Pittsburg in a straight line? Well, an air-ship could." His opinion of flying-machines of the Santos-Dumont type is distinctly unfavourable. "You can't imprison hydrogen in a sealed glass bottle, let alone in a cloth sack," he writes. "Aëronauts know that. It is impossible to keep a balloon in the air longer than a few days at the outside. Poor Andrée discovered that when he tried to make a two weeks' trip across the North Pole."



ONE OF THE 26 PAIRS OF WING-LIKE SURFACES THAT SUPPORT THE IRISH "AËROMOBILE."



THREE MODEL FEATHERED AIR-SHIPS IN FLIGHT.

a fearsome argument against conscription, especially when it is also noted that the "weapon" can be "safely handled and quickly directed and fired by two men, from any position in the open, as it would be operated outside the enemy's rifle-range, and too quickly for big guns to be trained upon it; and each one could be fired from a new position."

For most of his air-ships Mr. Irish employs feathers, as we have



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Gaming in Clubs and the Law that Forbids It—Amateur Stokers—A Singing President—The King of Spain's Holiday—Monarchs Incognito.*

At the general meeting of one of the St. James's Street Clubs, it was very emphatically affirmed by the majority of the members that they wished the legal games, and none other, to be played in the Club. Practically, whist in all its forms, backgammon, bagatelle, billiards, and chess are the indoor games which the law permits, whilst some games, ace of hearts, basset, dice, hazard, faro, and roulette, are forbidden by name, and there is a general enactment against games in which all the players, including the banker, do not have an equal chance.

An Englishman's Club is his castle just as much as his house is, and many Clubmen do not see why Bridge should be a game to be encouraged while écarté is looked askance at, and why there should be a prohibition against Poker. Club custom has amplified the law, and Clubmen, whether they like it or not, have to abide by the decisions of the majority of the members of their Club. Our regulations as to card-playing seem strange to the foreigners who come into our Club-life, for there is scarcely a Club in France, Belgium, or Italy where baccarat is not played after dinner, and the *cagnotte*, the percentage paid by the banker, goes far towards paying Club expenses. Were it not for the *cagnotte*, the half of the members' subscriptions which the French Government takes would crush out of existence any Clubs except those whose members are very rich men.

Écarté is played in all foreign Clubs in which cards are permitted, and at many of the Spanish Clubs roulette is played, the advantage of the zero being sometimes foregone during certain hours, in order that the players shall not think that the Club is too anxious to make money by its wheel. It is many years now since there was any Gaming Club in London, except, of course, those ephemeral establishments in the side-streets of Soho which the police raid at intervals. The "palettes" and counters of the last Baccarat Club of any standing are one of the sights of the Black Museum of Scotland Yard.

All the Victorian laws which abolished the hazard and other gambling games which used to be played at Crockford's, the Newmarket Rooms, and elsewhere are founded on an old statute of Henry VIII., which is very quaint reading. It is titled "A Bill for the Maintaining Artillery and Debarring Unlawful Games," and, after setting forth that the archery of the nation suffers because "crafty persons" have invented "logeting in the fields" and "slide-thrift, otherwise known as shove-groat," such crafty games and a number of others, bowls being especially cited, shall not be played by the artificer classes except at

Christmas, archery being enjoined in their place. We are sadly in need of some such Bill nowadays to give the nation that reserve of trained rifle-shots for which Lord Roberts calls, and calls in vain.

President Roosevelt shovelled coal and joined in singing "Sweet hearts and Wives," the old naval toast, on board the cruiser *West Virginia*, and stirred up much enthusiasm by doing so. In shovelling coal he only followed the example of many less distinguished passengers. There is no better way on board ship, during a long voyage, of keeping down unnecessary fat and keeping up necessary muscle than by going down into the stoke-hole and shovelling coal for twenty minutes. No Russian or Turkish bath is half as effective as this, and when the shoveller has changed his flannels after the ordeal and has had a cold douche there is a splendid feeling of comfort and briskness that few other forms of exercise give. I know, for I have tried it. The stokers on board the *West Virginia* were delighted to cut up the handle of the Presidential spade and keep the bits as a fee. Lesser people generally pay their footing with a bottle of whisky.

A singing ruler is something of a novelty. Many Royal personages have played on some instrument or another—Frederick the Great was an accomplished flautist, and the late Duke of Edinburgh played the violin as well as any professional—but I cannot recall any King since the time of Nero who was a vocalist. The Kaiser is a musical enthusiast, and has followed Frederick the Great's example in establishing a flute band. It may be that the success of the President will stir the War Lord to add yet another to his accomplishments, and that "Composed and Sung by H.I.M. the Emperor" may, later on, be seen on the cover of a song.

The little King of Spain is going to take a real holiday. After his next batch of official visits, he is to spend a week incognito in Paris. The Town of Light is the real holiday-place for Kings, and the rulers who can spare time to take an occasional "week off" always gravitate to it. The Czar, when he paid his official visit to Paris, said that one of the longings of his life was to come back with the Empress and spend a fortnight incognito going about to see the sights, like two simple bourgeois. The King of Portugal is often to be seen shooting pigeons at the enclosure by the lake of the Bois de Boulogne, or beating all the crack pistol-shots in one of the shooting-galleries.

The long, grey beard of the King of the Belgians is now and again to be recognised in a box at some interesting first-night at a Parisian theatre; and our own King loves Paris second only to his own capital. The Parisians always consider Edward VII. a true Parisian born, an Englishman by mistake. At one of the *Figaro* afternoons, a charming French actress put it very prettily to our King, then Prince of Wales. "Your Royal Highness," she said, "should be Prince des Gaules, not Prince de Galles." The King smiled, and replied that the Gauls changed their Princes too frequently.

Should King Alfonso, while in Paris, wish to meditate on the instability of thrones, he will find the ruins of the palace, near the Arc de Triomphe, in which the ex-Queen Isabella spent so many years of exile a suitable spot for reflection. The workmen are engaged in pulling the big, gloomy house to pieces, and a great new hotel is to be erected on its site.



A NOTABLE COMING-OF-AGE: THE EARL OF GIFFORD, WHO HAS JUST ATTAINED HIS MAJORITY.

The young Earl, who is the eldest son of the Marquess of Tweeddale, was born on the 4th of November, 1884, and is a Lieutenant in the Lothian and Berwickshire Imperial Yeomanry. He has two brothers—Lord Arthur Vincent Hay, who is a Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Lord Edward Douglas John Hay, who is at Eton.

Photograph by Langflier.



THE FUTURE LADY COWLEY: LADY HARTOPP, WHO IS GOING TO CEYLON TO MARRY EARL COWLEY.

Lady Hartopp is to proceed to Ceylon, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Lady Marjory Wilson, to marry Lord Cowley, who is out there shooting. Earl Cowley was born in January, 1866, married Lady Violet Nevill, daughter of the first Marquess of Abergavenny, in 1889, and was divorced in 1897. He has a son, Christian Arthur Wellesley, Viscount Dangan, born in December, 1890.

Photograph by Langflier.



THE LADY WHOSE HORSE WON THIS YEAR'S CAMBRIDGESHIRE: MRS. H. V. JACKSON, OWNER OF VELOCITY.

Mrs. Jackson's husband is a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Roscrea, where, curiously enough, Velocity was bred by a small country hotel-keeper, and sold as a yearling to his present owner for a mere song. Velocity is own brother to Centre Board, who has won on several occasions for Lord Howard de Walden, and a prohibitive reserve was placed upon him at a recent auction-sale.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



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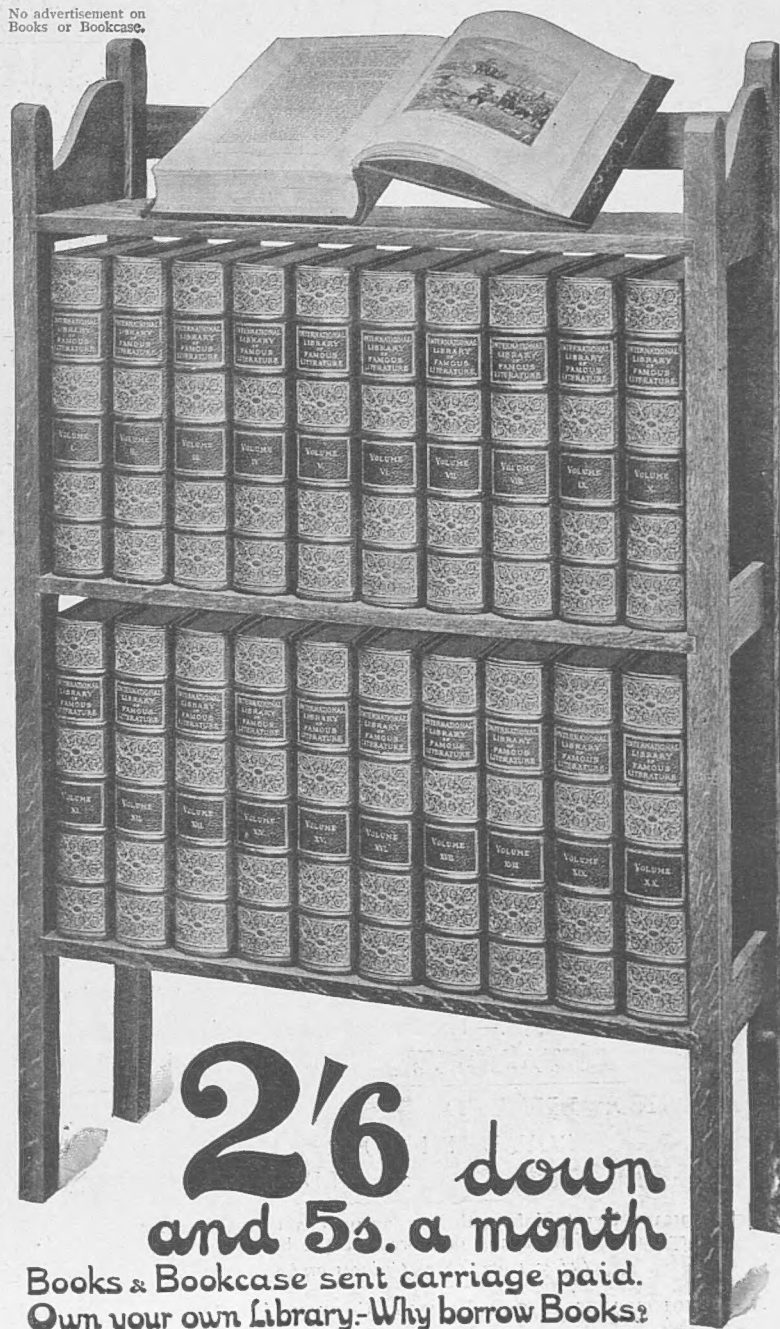
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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

NOVEMBER 11.

## UNVEILING OF THE GLADSTONE STATUE.

## RUSSIA'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

## WONDERS OF THE PRINCE'S INDIAN TOUR.

## FOUND IN THE FORUM: RECENT DISCOVERIES AT ROME.

## THE TRAINING OF GERMAN NAVAL CADETS.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING celebrates to-morrow his fifth birthday since his Accession as ruler of this mighty realm, and no living monarch is more certain of his people's affection and respect. Indeed, even from an entirely selfish point of view, the King's subjects must wish him "Many Happy Returns of the Day," for he is now regarded, both at home and abroad, as the wisest as well as the most popular of European

Sovereigns. King Edward always spends his natal day in his Norfolk home, surrounded by his family, and with his old and trusted friends about him. The Royal birthday is, of course, celebrated, in an official sense, in summer weather; but it is on Nov. 9 that congratulations to the man as well as to the Sovereign are due.

### *The New Lord Cathcart.*

Lord Greenock, who has succeeded his father as Earl Cathcart, is a well-known man in Society, where he is extremely popular, for he dances admirably and is a most sociable person. It is terrible to think that this handsome, dark-haired man, with his Vandyck beard and charming manner, is still a bachelor, though he will strike his half-century next year. Eton and the Scots Guards were the portion of his earlier days, but it is more than twenty years since he left the "Jocks." In a motoring and nomadic age, he is remarkable for his walking powers and for his fondness for London. As a pedestrian, indeed, he interprets literally his family motto, "I hope to speed"; though most people would say it was no question of hope, but a "dead cert." The new Peer, when he isn't walking or waltzing, is pretty sure to be painting.

### *Wholesale Resignations!*

Somebody will have to break it gently to Mr. Balfour that the Bag-bearer, the Clerk of the Pipe, the Surveyor of the Green Wax, the Clerk of the Nichills, the Foreign Opposer, the Clericus Brevium, the Pesour, the Fasour, the Filacer, and the King's Remembrancer have

all resigned! You can fancy the Prime Minister asking quite eagerly, "Who are they? I don't seem to remember them in the Cabinet. Will there be some bye-elections?" and hear the reassuring tones of the invaluable Mr. Sandars as he expounds his settled conviction that only one man, Lord Dunboyne, has resigned, after all.

### *Lord Dunboyne.*

It was appropriate that Lord Dunboyne, the holder of an extremely ancient Irish barony, should, as King's Remembrancer, fill all those picturesque but obsolete offices. He is not much over sixty, and is still hale and hearty, his genial, bearded countenance being as welcome a sight in County Clare as it is at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, London. An old Wykehamist, he proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin, instead of to Oxford or Cambridge, but he was called to the English Bar. He was a barrister of thirty years' standing when he succeeded his brother in the title, and by that



THE KING OF THE CITY: MR. ALDERMAN WALTER VAUGHAN MORGAN, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

The new Lord Mayor was born in 1831, and entered the service of the National Provincial Bank of England when he was fifteen. Ten years later he joined his brothers in founding the firm of Morgan Brothers, Merchants and Newspaper Proprietors. He is a Freemason of many years' standing; a Lieutenant for the City of London; and Treasurer of Christ's Hospital.

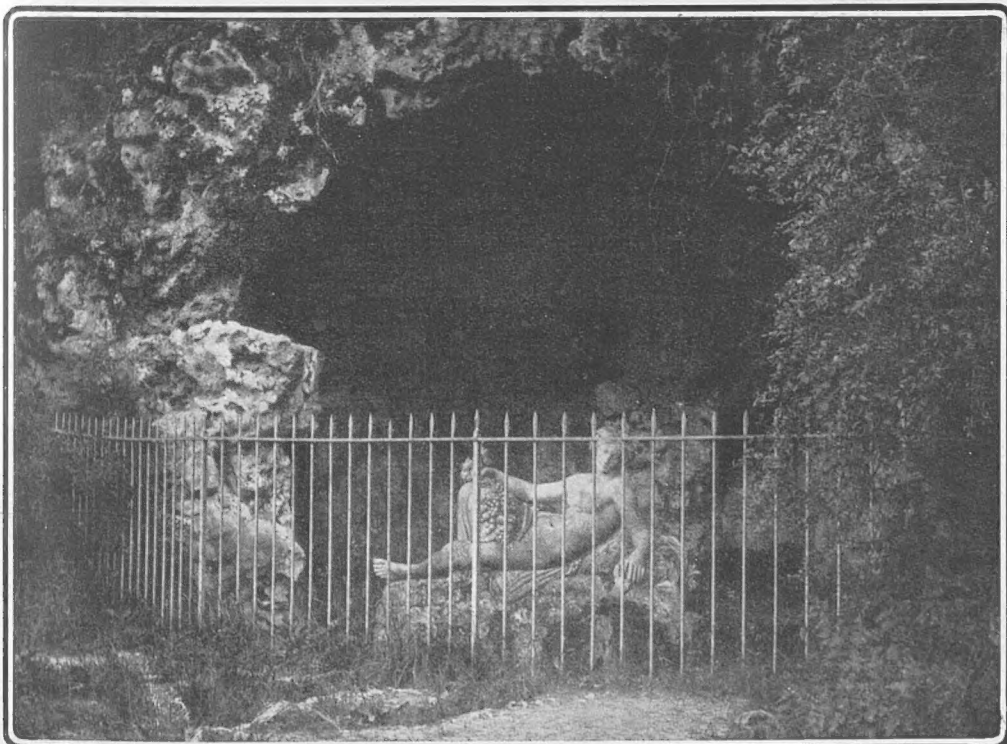
*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

time he had no wish to give up his comfortable Mastership of the Supreme Court. Four sons and four daughters have been born to Lord and Lady Dunboyne, and the sons all bear their mother's maiden name of Probyn—a pretty conceit. The eldest son, a naval officer, has already seen war-service; another, in the Irish Guards, was in the Boer War; the third has taken to engineering for "P.W.D." in India; while the fourth is a Gunner.

*A Breakfast-Table Problem.* In view of the fact that the British Secretary of State for War, guilty only of such mild enormities as changes in uniform, is to occupy a back-room in Whitehall, what type of apartment should be allotted to the official who is seeking to balance his Government's accounts by reducing the pay of the Moorish soldier to twopence-farthing a day?

### *An Unfounded Winston Churchill Rumour.*

The latest form of "rest cure" is to be found in a camping-out party who are to pitch their tents in the vicinity of the Pyramids. It is understood that there is no truth in the rumour that credited Mr. Winston Churchill with heading a subscription-list for providing accommodation amongst these amateur nomads for members of an effete Government in which he is interested. It is believed that he would have been willing to do so had he not deemed anything approaching the Garden of Allah too good for them, and had he not noticed that the site of the city of canvas is "within easy reach of Cairo, by tramcar," and thus in too close communication with the canvass city.



A STATUE THAT HAS A SENTRY OF ITS OWN: THE MONUMENT THAT MARKS THE SOURCE OF THE SEINE.

The monument here illustrated was erected, when M. Haussmann was Prefect of the Seine, to mark the source of the Seine. It stands some seven kilometres from Saint-Seine, and the stream issues from an urn under the arm of the figure. A man specially appointed by the City of Paris guards it, but, despite this precaution, vandals recently covered it with ink.



*A Royal Nursery.* The children of the King and Queen of Italy certainly add greatly to the popularity of their parents. The eldest of the group, Princess Yolanda, was the first baby ever born in the Quirinal, and the first Princess, with one solitary exception, born to the House of Savoy since the birth of her lovely grandmother, Queen Margherita. In spite of the fact that a Prince was so ardently desired, Yolanda and her little sister, Mafalda, were very warmly welcomed, and the young King is a most demonstrative and affectionate father. It was he who insisted that his children should have an English nurse, for he has always greatly admired those British youngsters who accompany their parents to Italy. By a curious coincidence, the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Italy became the proud and happy mothers of sons at about the same time, and it was at once suggested that the Royal ladies should take as their motto that of "Our Boys." There was a



Princess Yolanda.

Prince of Piedmont.

Princess Mafalda.

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ITALY AND HIS SISTERS: THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, PRINCESS YOLANDA, AND PRINCESS MAFALDA.

Photograph by Croce.

widespread, popular idea that the Italian Heir-Apparent would be given the same title as that borne by his father—that of Prince of Naples—but it was finally decided that he should be called the Prince of Piedmont. The important infant, who is called Humbert, after his grandfather, has lately celebrated his first birthday. He rests in a splendid, solid-silver *crèche* ornamented with exquisite symbolical figures, and said to

No one would touch the story, happily for journalistic morals; but the great man was scared and sent an emissary to treat. The matter was compromised, but the trafficker in boudoir secrets stipulated that her rival should be sent about her business. This, indeed, was the whole kernel of the matter. But she was no sportsman to accept the stakes and want the race ridden over again.

#### Lady Diana Manners.

Lady Diana Manners is the youngest of Lord and Lady Granby's three beautiful daughters, and some years will elapse before she makes her début. Her parents, who are both interested in art and literature to an unusual degree, are said to have



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY GRANBY: LADY DIANA MANNERS.

Photograph by Alice Hughes



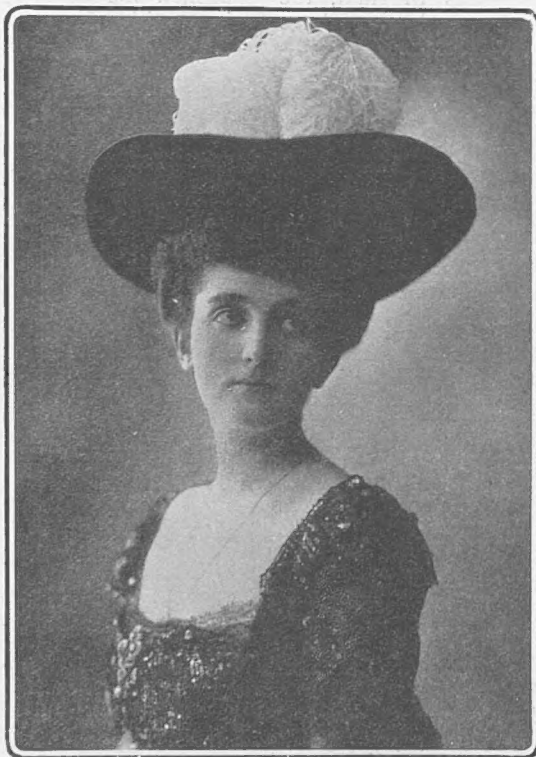
A FUTURE KING? PRINCE ALEXANDER OF DENMARK, SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES.

From a Photograph.

be the most beautiful cradle ever presented to a Royal child.

#### A Future King?

Prince Alexander Edward Christian Frederick of Denmark may be numbered, ere these lines are in type, among European Heirs-Apparent, and it is pleasant to think that the pretty little Prince was born in Great Britain, in his young parents' country-home, Appleton House. Prince Alexander, as he is habitually called, is one of the few Royal children bearing this name, which he, of course, owes to our Queen. He was born seven years after his parents' wedding-day, and is now two and a-half years old. The baby grandson of the King was christened in the church at Sandringham which his mother has attended from childhood, and he had an imposing list of sponsors, including both their Majesties, Princess Victoria, the King of Denmark, and the Prince of Wales. The Queen is very devoted to her little grandson, and, by her directions, he has each Christmas a cake all to himself, prettily decorated with the British and Danish flags. Prince Alexander is a brilliantly fair child, and, as such, will be liked by the Norwegians: till now his parents have not allowed his photograph to be sold or published, though one of him as a tiny baby, taken with Prince and Princess Charles, appeared soon after his birth.



HONOURED BY THE KING WHEN HIS MAJESTY WAS AT MARIENBAD: PRINCESS MIRKO OF MONTENEGRO.

The Princess, who, in company with her husband, lunched and dined with King Edward on several occasions when His Majesty was last in Marienbad, was Natalie, daughter of Colonel Constantinovitch, uncle of King Alexander of Serbia, and married Prince Mirko, second son of the reigning Prince of Montenegro, three years ago.

Photograph by Langhaus.

#### Prince and Princess Mirko of Montenegro.

During the King's recent "cure" at Marienbad it was noticed that His Majesty paid marked attention to Prince Mirko of Montenegro and his wife, Princess Lily (Natalie), and the courtesy shown to the young couple has not only aroused gratitude amongst many Servians, but is said to have created some consternation amongst those who assassinated King Alexander, who was the nephew of Colonel Alexander Constantinovitch, father of the Princess. Prince Mirko and his wife are both gifted; the Prince is very musical, and the Princess speaks almost every European language.

#### German Officers' Swords.

The Kaiser is seriously thinking of abolishing the infantry officer's sword for active service and of keeping it only for parade. The lessons of the Transvaal War are considered to show that the

*The Chambre and the Boudoir.* The Salle des Pas Perdus is again filled with the smoke of "petit caporal," and the Chamber itself—the Salle des Paroles Perdues, it might be called—resounds to Parliamentary language and to some that isn't. The session is no sooner begun than the idle tongue of rumour is clanging for all it's worth. Here, for instance, is a Minister, whose character is being taken away by a lady who does not like him any more. High and low that lady sought a purchaser for her documents, which proved (or perhaps they did not) that the Minister was common clay, and very common at that, and, moreover, that his Parliamentary practices were not according to Cocker (French edition).





A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST EARL OF RAVENSWORTH: MRS. WALTER BOYLE.

Photograph by the Cornway Gallery.

Ravensworth, and a niece of Lady Florentia Hughes, was, before her marriage to Lord Shannon's half-brother, Miss Ethel Horatia Fisher-Rowe.

*The Czar's Private Troubles.* In addition to the awful state of affairs into which

Russia has drifted, the Czar has a number of family worries to put up with, and it is said in St. Petersburg that family annoyances give him more trouble than public disturbances. Since the assassination of the Grand Duke Serge the Czar has only one uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, to advise him, for the Grand Duke Alexander and the Grand Duke Paul both live abroad in a sort of exile. But the Grand Duke Vladimir is the father of the Grand Duke Cyril, whose recent marriage so displeased the Czarina, and the family quarrel over the wedding has caused a coolness between the Czar and his uncle. The Czarina holds the Grand Duke Cyril responsible for the wretched married life of her brother, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and, between the Czarina and the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Czar does not know whether to disgrace Cyril or to pardon him.

sword is a nuisance rather than otherwise to the officer who is leading his men; and, moreover, it is useless, as hand-to-hand fighting rarely, if ever, takes place in modern warfare. During the Chinese Expedition many German officers left their swords with their baggage, and went into action with nothing in their hands, so as not to be hampered in their movements.

*The Hon. Mrs. Walter Boyle.* Mrs. Walter Boyle, who is a granddaughter of the first Earl of

to add to these ladies Matrons of Honour. The credit of introducing the innovation into this country belongs to Miss Dulcie Milvain, daughter of the Judge Advocate-General, who was married to Mr. John Jervis Pawson, of the 12th Royal Lancers, last week, and, if the picturesque has power, the innovation will become custom. The Matrons in question, who followed the bridesmaids, were all future sisters-in-law of the bride—the Countess of Guilford, Mrs. Hargrave Pawson,



A SOCIETY AMATEUR ACTRESS: LADY VIVIAN, STEP-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COL. HARRY McCALMONT.

Photograph by the Cornway Gallery.

Mrs. Carnegie Pawson, and Mrs. Philip Hardwick.

*A Society Amateur Actress.*

Lady Vivian, who is the wife of the young Peer who was so badly wounded in South Africa, was, before her marriage, a noted heiress-débutante, for, in addition to having inherited a delightful place from her father, the late Mr. Atmar Fanning, she was left a considerable fortune by her step-father, Colonel Harry McCalmont. Lady Vivian is a very clever amateur actress; she dresses in a peculiar and picturesque style, and is fond of wearing real picture-gowns copied from old portraits. Lord and Lady Vivian's baby daughter was baptised in the Chapel Royal, St. James's—a rather exceptional mark of Royal favour; but it will be remembered that Lady Vivian's twin sisters-in-law were Maids-of-Honour to the Queen.

*The Money-Value of a Man.*

We have heard a good deal lately of "too old at forty," and now another American doctor, named Farr, puts the best years of a man's life much earlier than that. He declares that a new-born child is worth £5 to a labouring couple, and that a boy of ten is worth just twice as much.



HONOURED BY THE KING DURING HIS MAJESTY'S "CURE" AT MARIENBAD: PRINCE MIRKO OF MONTENEGRO.

As we note elsewhere, His Majesty honoured Prince and Princess Mirko on several occasions during his recent "cure" at Marienbad. The marked attention paid to the young couple is said to have caused some consternation amongst those responsible for the death of King Alexander of Serbia, who was a nephew of Colonel Alexander Constantinovitch, father of Princess Mirko.

Photograph by H. Langhaus.

*The Newest Wedding Custom.*

Since the days of the Confarreatio, the mode of marriage customary with the noblest Romans of them all, bridesmaids; if one may say so without seeming ungallant, have been numbered with the commonplaces of wedding ceremonies, ornamental if unnecessary "relics" of the ten witnesses of the ancient form. It has been left to modern America, however, and now to London,

At fifteen, a youth is worth £160, and a man attains his full value at twenty-two. When he is worth £240. For a few years his value remains the same; but he soon begins to fall off, and at fifty he is only worth £120. By the time he has reached seventy his value is only a sovereign, and a year or two later he becomes a dead loss. This, of course, refers to manual labourers, for brain-workers usually increase in value as they grow older.



A LIGHTHOUSE IN A CEMETERY: THE MARBLE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS WILSON, M.D., AT ULVERSTONE.

The monument was erected to the memory of Thomas Wilson, M.D., who died in 1897, by his daughter Mary. It is surmounted by a lamp, which is kept alight day and night, and is said to have been built at a cost of £3,000. Gas has been laid on to it at considerable expense.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.



FROM PILGRIMS TO THEIR HONORARY SECRETARY: THE NEF PRESENTED TO MR. HARRY E. BRITTAIN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Mr. Harry E. Brittain and Alida, only daughter of Sir Robert Harvey, was celebrated at Brompton Oratory on Saturday last. Mr. Brittain, who has done so much good work as Honorary Secretary of the Pilgrims, received the nef here illustrated from the hands of Lord Roberts.



*The Wealthiest Woman in Great Britain.*

From a purely mercenary point of view, the Fates dealt somewhat harshly when they decreed that Lady Mary Hamilton should be a girl, but not so unfeelingly that they forgot that everything in life has its compensation and failed to mollify her in bounteous measure. Had she been born a boy, she would now be the holder of ten Scottish and two British titles, Duke of Chatellerauld, Premier Peer of Scotland, Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyrood, and inheritor of a magnificent rent-roll; as it is, she rests content as the wealthiest woman in Great Britain, the possessor of the famous black pearls of the Hamiltons, the owner of the Isle of Arran, and the mistress of considerable estates at Wickham Market—practically all, indeed, that the laws before which even the Fates seem to bow allowed her father, the twelfth Duke, to leave her. Her coming-of-age last week was made the occasion of rejoicings on the scale usually reserved for sons and heirs, for she is deservedly popular among her tenants, who find in her a "master" after their own hearts. Hitherto, Lady Mary has spent most of her time at Brodick Castle, and, as one of the few lady Masters of Hounds, has earned wide recognition as a thorough sportswoman; but it is expected that she will be seen in London more often now, those who believe that this will be so citing the fact that her visits to town were more frequent than usual this summer.

*The Trainer of the Debtor.*

Although the days of the Marshalsea are no more, debt, it is evident, still has its parasites, but, at least, these parasites have given better value than did their predecessors. The sponge of the sponging-house and the gaols has vanished into the Ewigkeit, but his place has been taken by a more plausible, a more artistic rogue, a hanger-on at the County Courts, who, instead of playing upon the physical distress of prisoners, earns his fees by teaching them to play upon the sympathies of the particular Judge whose idiosyncrasies he has made his own. Even his career, however, has been brief, for Judge Addison has unmasked him at Southwark, and in that Court, at all events, his future efforts are likely to be considerably restricted. No longer will his Honour look mildly upon the protesting debtor: his eyes have been opened—it is to be hoped not too widely, lest the true suffer for the false.

*An Historic Mansion.*

Madingley Hall, where the Kingspent some of his undergraduate days, has just changed hands. This beautiful old Tudor mansion is conveniently near Cambridge, and has gone through many vicissitudes since it was visited by Queen Elizabeth. It has now passed into the possession of Colonel Harding, who intends to restore its ancient glories. When His Majesty was at Madingley, his chief companion was his Governor, Colonel Robert Bruce, but he was constantly in Cambridge, attending lectures and leading the ordinary undergraduate life. Shortly after his marriage, the then Prince of Wales took his bride to Cambridge, and they drove out to Madingley in order that the Princess might see the beautiful house.

*Shooting at Sandringham.*

The first shooting-party of the season takes place this week at Sandringham, and the King takes up his favourite rôle of the British country gentleman. His Majesty's Norfolk estate is exceptionally favoured by Nature as well as by art, for, in addition to the ordinary amenities

of a great sporting demesne, the great lake affords splendid wild-duck and widgeon shooting. None of the Sandringham game is ever sold; the contents of each day's "bag" are all given away, London charitable institutions being generously remembered, and each beater receiving, at the end of the day, a hare and a pheasant. Queen Alexandra does not care for lady shots, but Her Majesty often lunches with the guns, who rarely number more than a dozen.

*Alphonse in the Regiment.*

Humour has gone out of Montmartre in the death of Alphonse Allais. He was really a very funny man—funny in real life, as well as in his ineffable monologues at the Chat Noir. On the first day of his military service the spirit of the irrepressible joker burned within him. He was placed in line with other recruits and required to answer certain questions. To the query, "Married or single?" each

man replied according to whether Providence had or had not blessed him with a wife. When it came to Allais' turn, he said, "Bigamist." The officer was naturally surprised. "Well, you see," explained Allais, "I notice that you give the married men leave at nights. I thought that, if I could swear to two wives, I should get permission during the day as well." "Ah, it is just what I expected!" said the officer, sympathetically. "Your case must be inquired into." And he went away muttering "Quite mad, quite mad!"

*Apache v. "Sergot."*

The Apaches and the "Sergots"—that is to say, the police—are both learning jiu-jitsu in Paris. It is a question who will learn the quicker. You can imagine, can you not, an arrest in the future? It will be better than a prize-fight. Whilst the representative of law and order jiu-jitsues the denizen of La Villette, the public will look on and try to spot the winner. The Paris detective runs small—"on purpose," M. Lépine says, "because he is less observed." One would not have thought there was much difference in invisibility between five-feet-six and five-feet-eight, but apparently there is. Now, when the long and short of it come together in an ordinary arrest, the long has generally the better of it. But, if the short is lengthened by jiu-jitsu, then may he, haply, arrest the long. That is the theory of M. Lépine. We shall see whether the Apache is really Japanned into a gentle man. A much more effective method

would be the cat. Try it, O gay Paree! You will undoubtedly be surprised to find how well it works.

*A Disturbing Rumour.*

The account of Lord Curzon of Kedleston's illness has filled his many friends and political supporters with apprehension, for the ex-Viceroy is expected to play a considerable part in public affairs on his return home. As yet, Lord Curzon's attitude towards the Tariff question remains "wropt in mystery," and each party claims him for its own. He and Mr. Chamberlain would certainly make a very strong combination, but, on the other hand, the man who has ruled India so well would prove a formidable addition to the Free-Feeders. Health plays a great rôle in modern politics: the latter-day statesman has to keep himself in training, physical as well as mental, if he hopes to succeed, and it would be more than a pity if Lord Curzon were to find himself handicapped now.



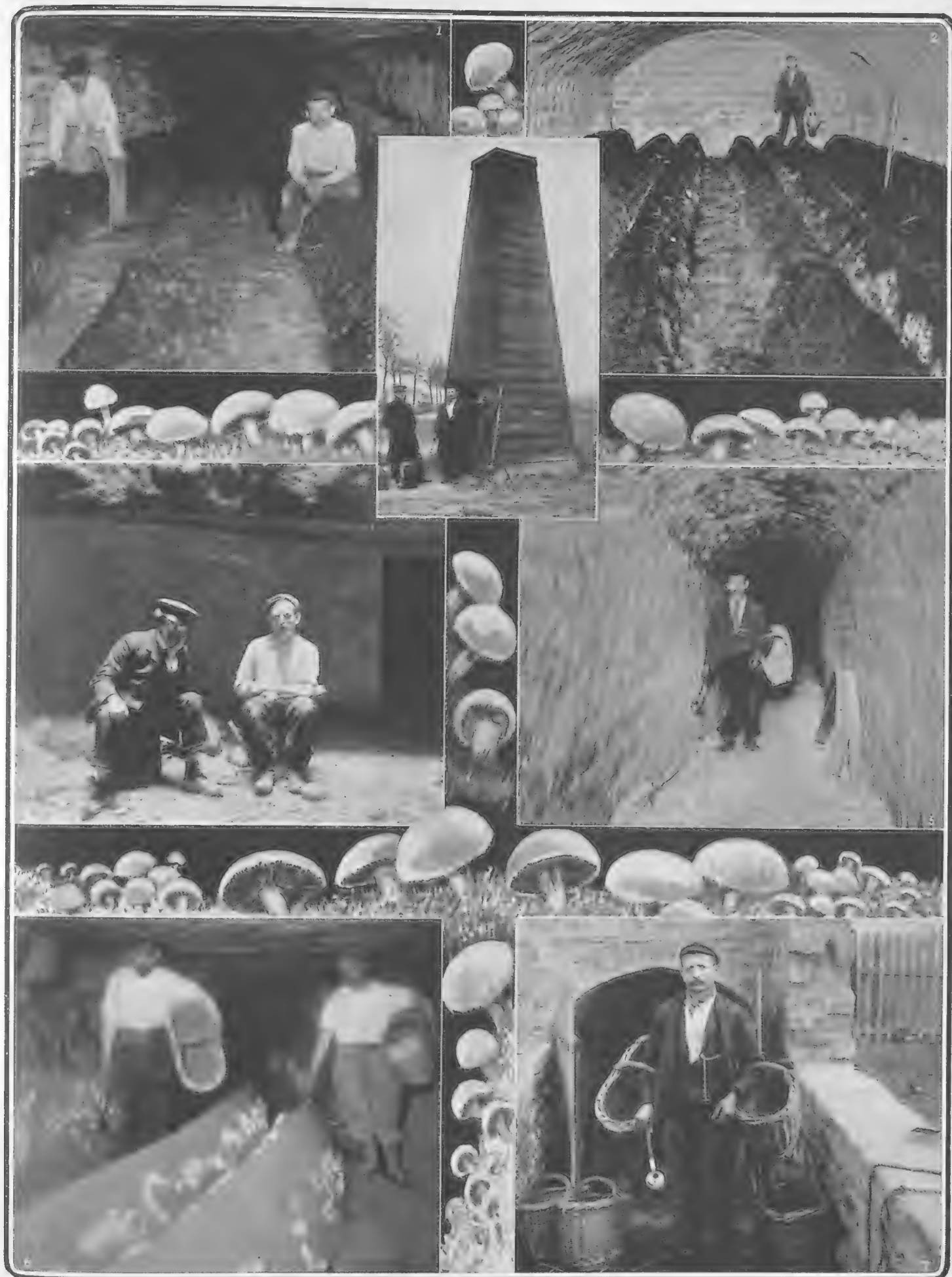
THE WEALTHIEST WOMAN IN GREAT BRITAIN: LADY MARY HAMILTON, WHO CAME OF AGE LAST WEEK.

Lady Mary is the daughter of the twelfth Duke. Had she been born a boy, she would have been the holder of ten British and two Scottish titles, Duke of Chatellerauld, Premier Peer of Scotland, and Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace; as it is, she is the wealthiest woman in Great Britain, the owner of Brodick Castle, and of Easton Park, Wickham Market.

Photograph by Lafayette, London.



## A MUSHROOM-FARM EIGHTY FEET BELOW PARIS.



1. Building the beds for the spawn in the widest part of the caves.
2. A small cave under the farm-building.
3. The ventilating-shaft of a mushroom-cave that is eighty feet below the earth's surface.
4. At the foot of the ventilating-shaft—the spot on which charcoal is burnt in a large brazier, the heat causing the air to ascend one shaft and be replaced by that descending another.

5. The interior of a tunnel, showing how the walls and floor have been scraped and cleaned, so that no contaminating substance is left to interfere with the growth of the fungi.
6. Picking the mushrooms from beds that are just beginning to bear.
7. The mushroom-gatherer ready for his day's work, and carrying the lamp, fitted to a spiked stick, which he will place between crevices in the walls of the caves to light him while he is gathering the fungi.

The deserted quarries round Paris now boast an interesting industry in the mushroom-farming carried on in their caves and tunnels, which are said to be extensive enough to hold the whole of the population of Paris. As is well known, mushrooms thrive best in the dark and the damp, and it is thus that the discarded quarries form such excellent forcing-ground for them. The bedding for the edible fungi is prepared above the surface of the earth and taken below as required. The work of gathering is made extremely difficult by the narrowness of the tunnels, and it is only possible to stand erect in a few places in addition to the "rest-holes" constructed for the purpose.

*Photographs by the Clarke and Hyde Agency.*



## AFTER DINNER.

By E. A. B.

When King Edward  
Nearly Destroyed  
the Greek Navy.

While there will be no lack of interest for the King of Greece during his visit to England, he will neither expect nor desire any experience as exciting as that which befell when first he welcomed King Edward to Greece. The *Serapis*, with the then Prince of Wales on board, safely negotiated the entrance to her anchorage, where the royal Greek yacht *Amphitrite* lay waiting her. When the starboard anchor of the British vessel was let go,

naked, saying, "If any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; therefore I have met you thus."

Robes and Rubs.

This week many a stalwart figure will be invested with the awful majesty of mayoral insignia for the first time. Of many it may be anxiously asked, "What will he do with it?" One worthy man had to attend a semi-state function, and, possessing the uniform of an honorary lieutenantancy or something in the local militia, desired Headquarters to inform him whether he should wear the garb of Mars or that of the City Fathers. The reply came back that, after grave deliberation, it was deemed fitting that he should wear both—the mayoral robes *under the uniform*. His position was scarcely more embarrassing than that of Dean Pigou, who, after preaching in what he proudly regarded as excellent French, was assured by a then Lord Mayor of London, "Though, sir, I do not understand one word of French, I understood you perfectly."

Honours Easy.

A discussion running intermittently in a daily contemporary on titles of which some of us are unsuspectingly the rightful possessors suggests an opposite train of reflection. More than a few titles in Debrett would have short shrift if the Heralds' College had its way. Perhaps the Heralds themselves contribute to existing informalities. They certainly did in the case of the late Lord Playfair. After he had been created a Peer, it was proposed to confer upon him the G.C.B. Then it was found that, though for years he had been nominally "Sir Lyon Playfair," he had never been knighted, and the error had to be rectified when he went to be invested with the new decoration. He was more fortunate on that occasion than the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, for whom Queen Victoria sent with intent to confer a peerage upon him. So charmed was Her Majesty with his conversation when he did appear that she forgot all about the purpose of his visit, and he departed. Then she remembered, and had him recalled. "Your Majesty had better let me go as I came," said the grand old gentleman. And the Queen did.

Patti's Proudest  
Moment.

The Patti concert on Friday, the only one of the season, is certain to add another to the diva's long list of triumphs. The story of her greatest triumph, her "proudest moment," is pretty. That "moment" occurred in the course of an evening spent at the house of Mr. Alfred Rothschild, where a dinner was given in honour of the imminent marriage of the present Prince and Princess of Wales. The King rose to propose the health of Madame Patti, and told of the



THE WORLD'S LARGEST ANIMAL IN CAPTIVITY: A HUMP-BACKED WHALE IN AN AMERICAN PORT.

Photograph by Waldon Fawcett.

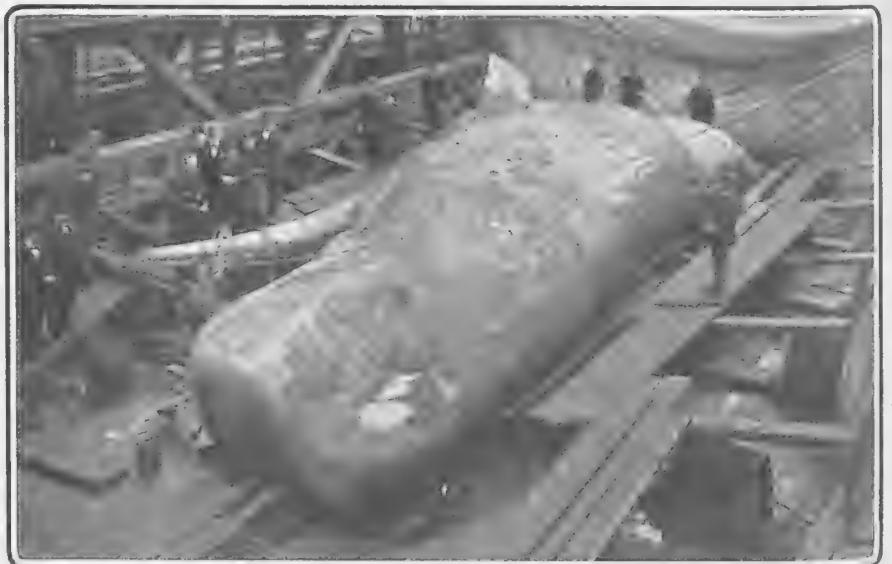
however, there was an ominous snap, and when the port anchor's cable responded in corresponding fashion no one questioned the angry exclamation of the captain: "We've lost both anchors!" The *Serapis*, having now no steam, drifted helplessly on to the *Amphitrite*, on board of which was the King of Greece. It was a moment of great peril, but, by miraculous luck, although the larger vessel carried away the yacht's bowsprit and had in return one of her boats smashed, no great damage was done, and the *Serapis* was brought to and secured by her sheet-anchors. The Greek Fleet in those days was mainly notable for the ships it did not possess, and that night at dinner someone remarked to King Edward, "I was afraid, sir, that you were about, at one blow, to destroy the entire Navy of Greece."

Has Lord Kimberley  
Heard the Last of  
his Challenge?

Is it quite certain that Lord Kimberley, although he has smoked the pipe of peace with the gentleman into whose person he recently desired to drill holes, has heard the last of that duel for which he pined? The House of Lords does not willingly relinquish its prerogatives, and precedent says that it is its privilege to make unhappy the life of that member who challenges his fellow to mortal combat. There was a squabble between Lord Pomfret and a former Duke of Grafton—all about a gamekeeper. The upshot was that the first-named, after an acrimonious correspondence, demanded the opportunity of placing the noble Duke's head on a charger; pistol or sword to serve as preliminary to that interesting operation. Now, when the Lord Chancellor heard this, he was wroth. He caused the Lords to call both parties to their places. Then, having applauded the Duke for his share, down upon his knees they sent the shivering Pomfret. While the delinquent trembled there in discomfort and mortal fear, the Lord Chancellor told him that he had been guilty of a high contempt of the House, and, putting on his three-cocked hat, making the poor Pomfret think that sentence of death was coming, he administered a "thundering" reprimand.

Discretion  
in Duelling.

Many men who ought to have known better have fought, or have desired to fight, duels. Byron challenged Southey, though probably the latter never heard of it. Victor Hugo wished to meet the German Emperor. Gordon, also, in a moment of righteous wrath, wanted to engage in a duel. The manner of fighting has more or less to do with the result, as Humphrey Howth, the surgeon, thought, when, having been challenged, he stepped on to the field



THE WORLD'S LARGEST ANIMAL IN CAPTIVITY: A SPERM WHALE, CAUGHT OFF SAN FRANCISCO.

Photograph by Waldon Fawcett.

cities in which he had heard her sing. And then he came to a more intimate phase when he described how Queen Alexandra had once held up "little Prince George," in whose honour they were that night assembled, and bade him embrace her, so that in after-life he might truthfully say he had "kissed the famous Madame Patti." That was the happiest and proudest moment in the diva's life.



AN "ALL BLACK" IN THE HOME.



SHE: I'll learn you to find fault with my temper. When we married you took me for better or worse.  
HE: Yes, Martha, but I did hope there would have been something like an average.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

"AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE"—THE GERMAN PLAYS—"BACK TO THE LAND"—  
"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

IT is rather painful to think that twelve and a-half years have gone by since a little band of us were rejoicing in the fact that one of Ibsen's plays was produced by a real actor-manager, and that in the time that has followed no other work from his pen has been produced by those accustomed to bid for the general support of the British public. Perhaps I should have excepted a few representations by foreign artists less insular in taste than ourselves. I suppose that we enthusiasts and those anti-Ibsenites whom Mr. Sydney Grundy compared with little boys "scribbling rude words on the pedestal of a Colossus" have come to different conclusions as to what should be deduced. They, no doubt, proudly assert that the splendid condition of our theatre is due to their stubborn and unscrupulous opposition to the Norwegian dramatist and his work. Yet, seeing that everybody appears to regard the British drama as being in a rotten state, it is difficult to doubt whether things could have been any the worse if we had been treated to a thorough debauch of Ibsen. Without assenting to the proposition, sometimes put forward, that one needs a special school of players for the works of the Norwegian dramatist, I cannot help suggesting that they must be approached with particular care. "An Enemy of the People" has been treated almost as ruthlessly as if it were by Shakespeare; not quite, indeed, for the omission

of a third of one of the plays of our national dramatist is about the average sacrifice, and we have more than two-thirds of the drama concerning Dr. Stockmann. Still, it is clear that distrust of the dramatist has affected Mr. Tree, and in my humble opinion—I know I ought to say "humble," though I doubt the humility of my opinions—his production has suffered in consequence of the distrust. However, let no word of discouragement be printed, or even whispered, for some would like to see more in the way of original comedy at His Majesty's and less of adaptations of Dickens. Whatever the purist may think, the Thursday matinee was really enjoyable, and though a few of the big audience seemed somewhat puzzled and waited anxiously and in vain for the "intrigue" and the "love interest," and were rather too much amused by little bits of mechanical comic business stuck into the play, the comedy was very well received, and not a few of its subtly satirical points were understood by many, and applauded heartily. It is rather a misfortune that the dramatist should have, running at the same time, two plays, "The Wild Duck" and "An Enemy of the People," which, on account of their almost savage, ironical humour, are likely to give false ideas concerning his opinions and theories—about which it is possible that many of the enthusiasts have very great delusions. One wishes for several more performances, to see Mr. Tree's Dr. Stockmann when quite ripe: at present, it is clever, but very uneven; fine little touches of character are followed by passages of uncertainty, and in his hands a very positive, "cocksure" man becomes a waverer in manner. At the moment, there is a strong, unfinished sketch. Several of the Company are excellent, notably Miss Rosina Filippi, Mr. John Beauchamp, Mr. Fisher White, Mr. E. M. Robson, and Mr. Nigel Playfair.

Germany in London has long ago proved its power to keep alive a theatre of its own, and it has been noted as a new and important fact of this year's "season" that the venture has for the first time received official sanction and support. It is to be hoped that this does not mean that it will now stand in awe of the official frown. There was something nobly British in the reflection that you could see in London things that had been forbidden in Berlin: to be present at a performance, for instance, of "Lights Out" in its original form inspired in the Briton (if he went) a feeling of superiority quite apart from that quite properly inspired by sitting out a play in a strange tongue. However, if one may judge from the crowded and enthusiastic audience at Great Queen Street on the opening night, there are not many Britons who regret the possibility of a change; and in "Der Familientag" the question is not raised. It is

not a play to raise questions of any kind, but a simple little domestic farcical comedy, in which nothing in particular is made to spread over three Acts and be entertaining all the time. The interest lies in character-sketches, nicely individualised, of the members of the families concerned, and in some quaint side-lights on German home-law; but the chief thing we learn is that the humble but beautiful maid can defy all the rules of haughty caste, which we had learnt long before—from



M. Jean Richepin and his Children. M. Claretie, Director of the Comédie-Française. M. Leloir (Don Quichotte).

DON QUIXOTE IN MUFT: M. JEAN RICHEPIN, HIS CHILDREN, M. CLARETIE, AND M. LELOIR AT A REHEARSAL OF "DON QUICHOTTE," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

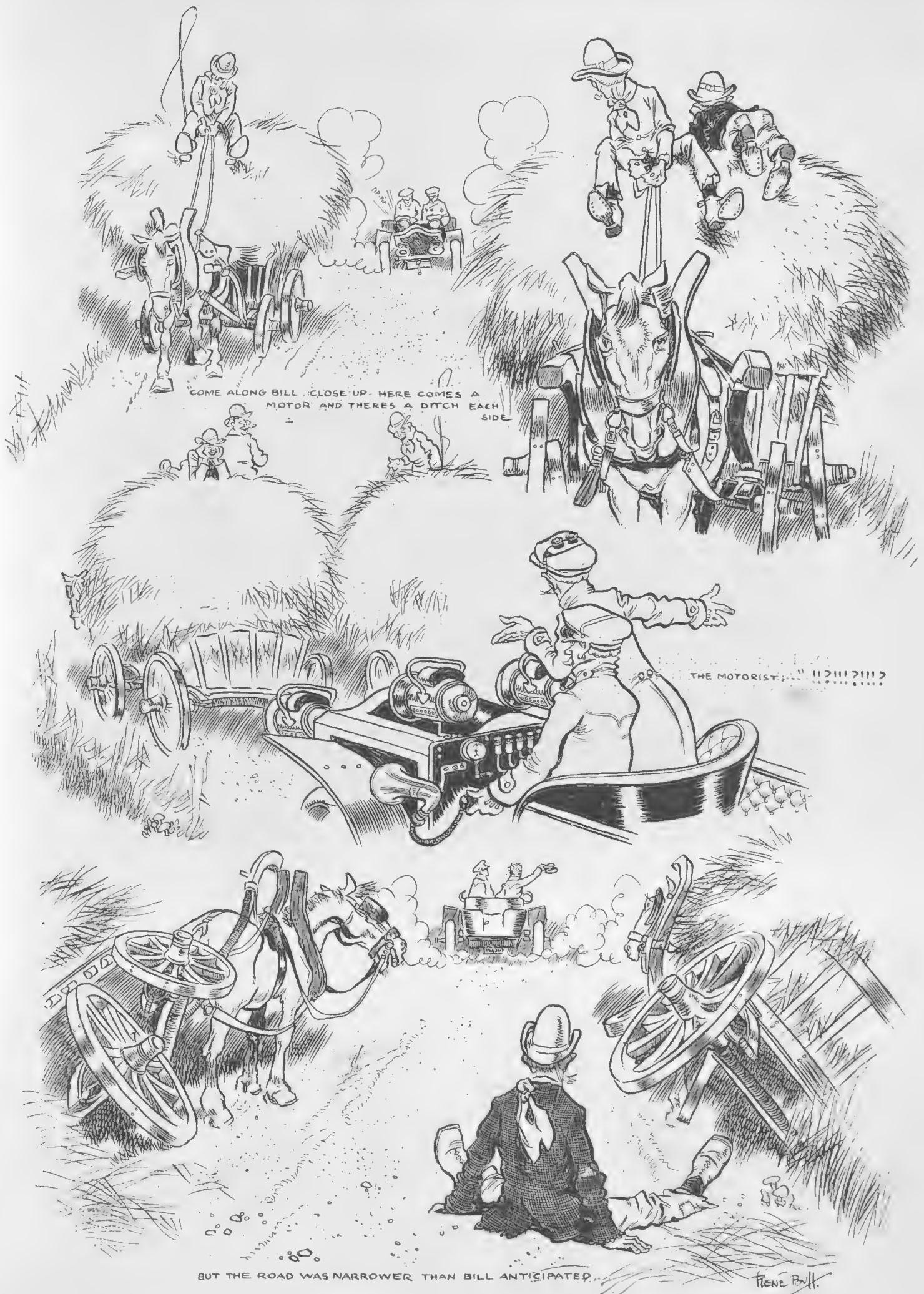
Photograph by Boyer.

the theatre. In the long list of players there are comparatively few names familiar to this country, and there is a notable gap caused by the fact that Herr Behrend is no longer connected with the Company; but Herr Andresen makes a welcome re-appearance, Herr Willy Klein is an admirable artist in pathetic old age, and Fräulein Elisabeth Kirch a charming representative of victorious poverty.

On two occasions recently has the critic been summoned to express his opinion on the acting rather than the play. The first occasion was the production of a curtain-raiser called "Back to the Land," at the Savoy, on which all that need be said is that Mrs. Mouillot would probably prefer to be judged by her performance in "What the Butler Saw," and in so preferring she would be right. The other occasion was a matinee production of "A Marriage of Convenience," at Terry's Theatre, of which the object was to enable Miss Muriel Godfrey-Turner to show what she could do as the Comtesse de Candale. I gather that Miss Godfrey-Turner's experience has been chiefly in the provinces, and there are unmistakable signs of this in her playing of the part. Her methods do not fit in very nicely with flippant French drawing-room comedy; they lack subtlety and variety. But she is, at any rate, much in earnest, and she succeeded in organising quite a competent representation of Mr. Grundy's skilful version of Dumas' play. Both the husband (Mr. Charles Vane) and the lover (Mr. Thomas Kingston) of the comedy played with a full appreciation of its humour, and were well supported by Miss Sybil Ruskin in the difficult part of the maid. Miss Godfrey-Turner also played Juliet on the balcony, to the very passionate if slightly inaudible Romeo of Mr. Kingston.



THE MOTORIST SCORES AGAIN.



"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW."

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

## RE-OPENING THE HOUSE OF KNOWLEDGE.

READERS of Charles Lamb will not have forgotten his delightful essay on books and reading, in which he refers to those "poor gentry who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner with his hard eye casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done." What would the gentle essayist think, or say, or even write, if he could come back to earth to-day, even for a brief space of time, and see how well—how very well—the "poor gentry," and those who are poorer than they, are catered for? In this year of grace the doors of the House of Knowledge are never shut; in fact, the guardians vie with one another in opening them wide to all comers. Never in the history of this country have books been better within the reach of all who require their guidance.

The general reader has responded to the invitation brought within his reach, and in consequence of his prompt and widespread response it is possible for enterprising houses to undertake ventures that cater in most generous fashion for the world at large, and yet remain sound business propositions. The publisher may rely upon a ready response to an offer of something really worth buying.

Among these ventures, none seems more attractive than the International Library, for which the great house of Lloyd's is responsible. It consists of twenty large volumes aggregating some ten thousand pages, and it is put upon the market on terms that are calculated to impress the most exigent bargain-hunter with the sense of a great opportunity that may not wisely be missed. The intending purchaser has but to pay half-a-crown, and the complete Library is sent to him, together with a special oak bookcase for their reception. The further payments are made monthly, and vary, according to the style of binding selected, from 5s. to 12s. 6d. Perhaps the special value of the International Library to the general reader lies in the fact that it is not representative of one country only. England, America, France, Germany, China, Japan, Egypt, and Persia—these and many other countries have been laid under contribution by the editors, and all foreign work has been translated with scrupulous care, and with attention to the spirit as well as to the letter of the rendering.

Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., is the general editor of the volumes, and has been assisted by M. Léon Vallée in Paris, Dr. Alois Brandl in Berlin, and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell in America. These gentlemen have passed in review the great books of the world, and have made their selection in most careful fashion. The Library publishes the oldest story in the world, dating from the time when writing was committed to clay tablets, and it offers at the same time stories by men and women of our own year—Rudyard Kipling, Marie Corelli, Israel Zangwill, and many others who are with us to-day. Nothing that is interesting and representative has escaped the net that the editors have cast over the wide fields of the world's literature. History, poetry, travel and adventure, memoirs, fiction—all the ground, indeed, that literature traverses—will be found searched, and it is well-nigh impossible to have a favourite author without finding his work represented. There are five hundred full-page illustrations most happily reproduced, and two great indexes give a clue to what might well else prove to be a labyrinth of literature.

The work done has been specialised as much as possible, and the four chief editors we have named have been assisted by many other distinguished men. Among those who are represented in the pages of the International Library are M. Brunetière, Paul Bourget, Edmund Gosse, Henry James, Andrew Lang, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Armando Valdés, so that the purchaser of the International Library will find himself in the best literary company of his age as well as that of ages past.

As an introduction to the works of many masters, the International Library will be invaluable. The reader can find for himself the masters whose appeal to him is most direct, and he can then improve his acquaintance of them at his leisure. It is useful, too, for those whose reading days are just about to commence, for the editors have not forgotten to cater for the "generation that is knocking at the door," and there are stories, all well chosen, for boys and girls. It is hard to imagine a more pleasing introduction to the world of books than the International Library supplies to the young. They, at least, have all their reading life before them; they will be guided right away to many a delightful corner that they might not have found unaided. To many of us, even those who claim to be fairly well read, there are byways in literature that we have had no time or opportunity to explore. In the days when we had leisure, there was no guide, and in these latter days, when we need no guide, we find no leisure. This is particularly true when we think of the work of the great Continental writers. Twenty years ago there was little chance for us to enjoy a glimpse at their work until its native language was mastered.

For many thousands of young readers the International Library will be more than an inexhaustible store-house of recreation and instruction. It will be a lamp to guide them into realms lying beyond the reach of those whose reading is of necessity circumscribed.

On these grounds, then, it is perfectly permissible for the publishers to claim for the International Library that it is more than an interesting commercial venture. It is a factor in the national education, and seems destined to be a widespread force for good. The material is beyond reproach, it is presented in the most attractive form, and the facilities enjoyed by the house of Lloyd's for bringing home the nature of their offer to the world at large are well-nigh unrivalled.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WE are all very much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brookfield for putting together the two delightful volumes, "Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle" (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons). They contain some of the most readable pages that have appeared this autumn, and are edited with much tact and discretion. The one criticism I am disposed to make is that more might have been said about Mrs. Brookfield's novels. One of them, at all events, called "Influence," which was published by Chapman and Hall somewhere about 1871, throws a strong light on Mrs. Brookfield's mind. It is an earnest protest against people who set themselves to improve, to ennoble, and to better others. The chief character, Cecilia, manages to separate a sickly young clergyman from a stout and worthy woman to whom he is married. She persuades him that his fine mind is being degraded by the dull intelligence of his wife. The consequence is that the poor man perishes untended. Mr. Brookfield was a popular London clergyman who never obtained good preferment, and his wife was the daughter of Sir Charles Elton, and thus closely associated with the Hallams and the Tennysons. Brookfield was of a much higher type than Bellew, whom, however, he liked to hear. But his success, such as it was, appears to have been due more to elocution than to anything else. At all events, he was a very good elocutionist, and there is very little theology in the epistles printed here. He did not write, but he must have been both gifted and amiable in no common degree. His powers of humorous talk are testified to by Thompson, the formidable Master of Trinity, and to his goodness of heart Tennyson's sonnet is an imperishable memorial. Mrs. Brookfield's beautiful and winning face makes a fit frontispiece for these volumes. She was clever, well-bred, and sympathetic, as well as pretty. Her great distinction is that she was among the best-loved and most intimate friends of Thackeray. A man's opinion of a woman may generally be gauged by the kind of letters he writes to her. Some of Thackeray's very best letters were written to Mrs. Brookfield. There is a suggestion that Amelia was partly drawn from Mrs. Brookfield, but the lady was no mere Amelia. As letter-writers, neither of the Brookfields excelled. Each could tell a story brightly, and each could say a clever thing on occasion; but the conditions under which they wrote made letter-writing difficult.

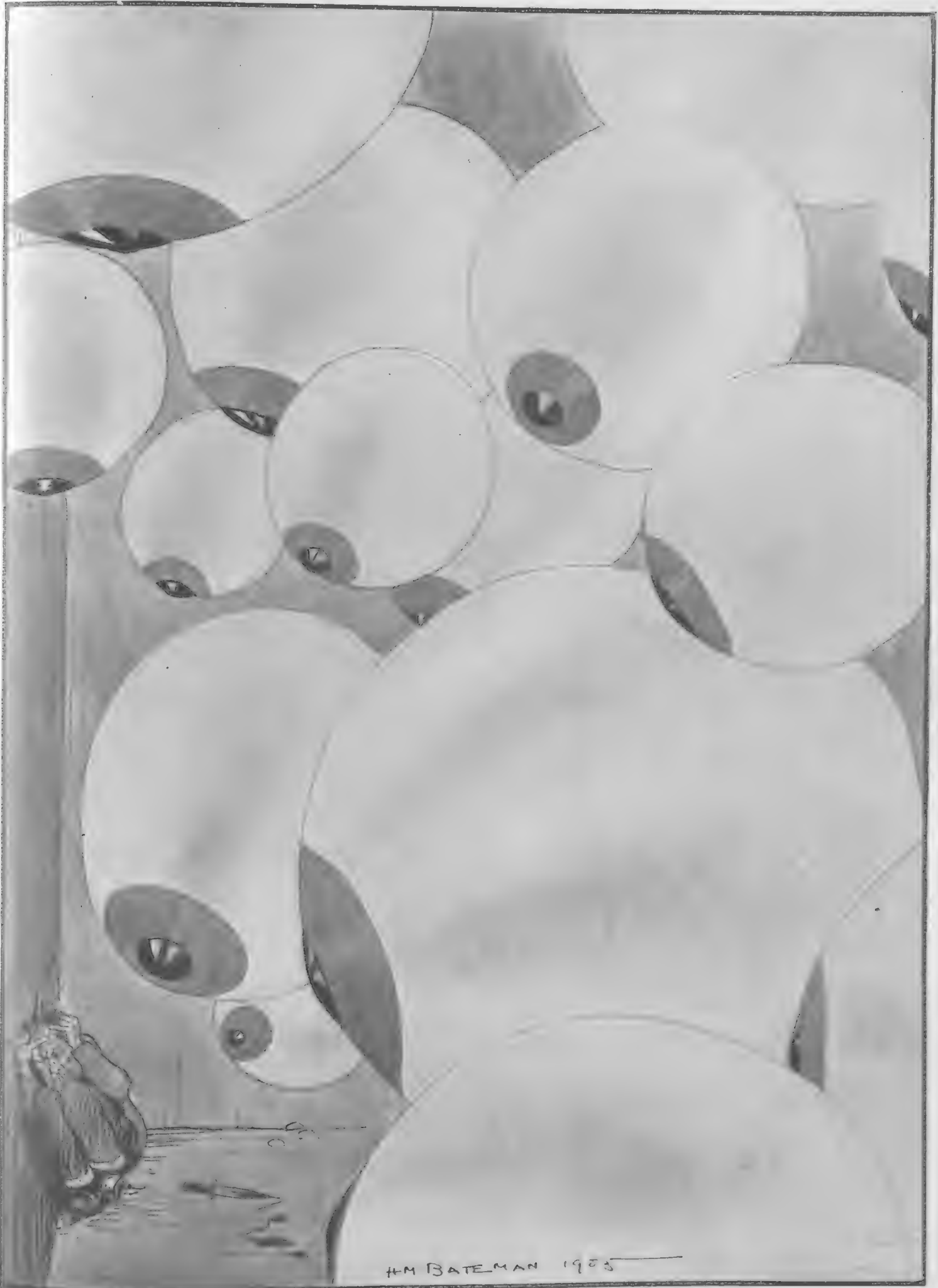
Emily Tennyson, the betrothed of Arthur Henry Hallam, the hero of "In Memoriam," comforted herself after his death by becoming engaged to a Captain Jesse. This displeased her relatives, but the marriage turned out successful. There is a glimpse of husband and wife in the early days of their union. "I pitied Emily Tennyson in having to introduce her husband to Uncle Hallam—he was, however, very kind in his shake-hands to him, and she looked much pleased at our all being friendly. Mr. J. is going to Caen for three months to learn French, and leaves his wife behind him! which seems a funny plan. Emily was dressed oddly, and had hair in long ringlets down her back, which looked singular and elf-like, and merely worn because she fancied it. He wears spectacles, has a pale, good-humoured face with a large mouth and rather weak eyes, talks fast, and was, perhaps, a little flurried, as yesterday was his first introduction to Uncle H."

Mrs. Procter, the brilliant wife of Barry Cornwall, was jealous of Mrs. Brookfield. She had a clear mind and a fine intelligence, and was, moreover, a brilliant and attractive conversationalist. Her talk was often mordant—so much so that she was nicknamed "Our Lady of Bitterness." This, however, attracted listeners rather than otherwise. But Mrs. Procter, with all these gifts, was not beautiful, and her followers had been known to turn away in a body when Mrs. Brookfield entered the room and transfer their allegiance with barely an apology.

Another welcome glimpse is of Charlotte Brontë dining with Thackeray. "There was just then a fashion for wearing a plait of hair across the head, and Miss Brontë, a timid little woman with a firm mouth, did not possess a large enough quantity of hair to enable her to form a plait, so therefore wore a very obvious crown of brown silk." Of Mrs. Coventry Patmore, the "Angel in the House," we hear that she talked of Tennyson "as if he were her most intimate friend."

Mrs. Brookfield describes Mrs. Carlyle as very slight, neat, erect in figure, animated in expression, with very good eyes and teeth, but with no pretension to beauty. She says she used to remain in her own room during the early part of the day while her husband took his walks accompanied by his admirers. "When she did appear, she was always especially taken care of by Lady Ashburton, and she expected and was conceded a certain prominence among the many other visitors of more or less distinction in that delightful and hospitable house. Mrs. Carlyle's instinct was always to take the lead. At the Grange this was not easy, for the grandeur and brilliancy of our hostess—who, according to Mrs. Twistleton, scattered pearls and diamonds whenever she spoke—made her the first attraction and interest to all around her. In conversation, clever and amusing as she often was, Mrs. Carlyle had the fatal propensity of telling her stories at extraordinary length. With her Scotch accent and her perseverance in finishing off every detail, those who were merely friendly acquaintances and not devotees sometimes longed for an abridgment, and perhaps, also, to have their own turn in the conversation."





I.—THE OBSESSION OF THE MURDERER.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## HOUSEHOLD GODS.

V.—MR. WICKHAM NOAKES, J.P.—SELSDON PARK, NEAR CROYDON.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

SELSDON PARK stands but a little to the eastward of Croydon, and, like many a spinster, is of uncertain age. Old records and deeds, however, combine to show that the "Manor of Sanderstead and Selsdune in Sanderstead" once belonged to Duke Alfred, who flourished in the reign of Ethelred I., and the castle in which this Duke resided was situated on the "dune" hill (Selsdune), or down, on which Selsdon House—or Park, as it is called—now stands. After the death of the Duke's daughter, Aldbryth, who had inherited the property from her father and who lived into the reign of Edgar the Peaceable, the property passed into Royal hands, and from these "Sandelstede with its church" went as a gift to the Abbey of St. Peter at Winchester.

The record of the Norman Survey mentions that "the Abbey of St. Peter of Winchester holds Sanderstede." In the early days of the Church its higher dignitaries were essentially militant. Bishops had their armed retainers, and many village churches were constructed to resist a siege. It is probable, therefore, that when the Abbot of St. Peter's took possession of Sanderstead, he welcomed the position of the old castle and converted it into his Grange. In the Selsdon House of to-day some panelled ceilings still symbolise the Church and State. One in the dining-room bears the words, "Fides, Spes, Caritas," running along three sides of the chief panels. Now Faith, Hope, and Charity are the theological virtues of the Roman Church, so it may be that the motto was constituted by one of the Abbots.

Of the approximate date of the billiard-room ceiling there can be no question, for in every panel there are four badges—the Fleur-de-Lys, first used by Henry V.; the Tudor Rose, formed of the red and white roses of Lancaster and York, united by Henry VIII.; the Portcullis, first adopted as a badge by the Tudors; and the Pomegranate, the badge of Catherine of Aragon. Henry's marriage with Catherine took place in 1509, and she was divorced in 1533; so it is possible to place this ceiling between these dates. Again, it may be more precisely dated, for in 1521 Pope Leo X. conferred upon Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith, and the Abbot at that time may have embellished the room in honour of the King.

At the Reformation Henry himself sold Selsdon to the Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Gresham, whose grandson disposed of it in 1591. After this it passed through various hands, and in 1805 Mr. George Smith, M.P., brother to Lord Carrington, became owner of it. In 1879 the See of Rochester secured it as a bishop's residence for Dr. Thorold. And now the owner of this fine old place is Mr. Wickham Noakes, a Justice of the Peace for the county, and a keen sportsman.

Whatever Selsdon Park has contained in the way of "Household Gods" in the past I cannot pretend to say, but to-day there are collected there many most interesting objects.

In looking at old pictures of Selsdon side by side with the house as it is to-day, one cannot fail to be struck by its changed appearance. Once it was a white building; to-day it is encased in red brick, with stone facing and enormous stone mullioned windows. But its position is the same—a truly charming one. Both on the north and south sides it is sheltered by tall, protecting trees, while on the east and south-east there are magnificent views. A more delightful or a

healthier spot it would be difficult to find, and it is hard to believe, as one sits beneath the fine old trees surrounding the house, that it is well-nigh within sound of Big Ben.

Glancing through the rooms, I should say that the hall is the principal feature of the building, though, of course, the drawing-room, dining-room, billiard-room, and library are very fine apartments. The hall, which is some sixty feet in length, is panelled in oak, while the staircase at the south end is of the same wood.

The features as regards the "gods" are the armour, weapons, and china. The armour in the hall is very fine, especially one suit of fluted armour of the Maximilian period, which came from the Wallace Collection. The weapons range from old Government flint-lock to French duelling-pistols, and include swords, helmets, and cuirasses of all dates, while hanging amongst them, emblematic of law and order, are three very old staves. One of these was the Sheriff of Surrey's, and is surmounted by a crown; another, shaped like a muscle-developing club, was a Special Constable's in the days of the Bread Riots; while

the third, is a particularly business-like county "Bobby's" truncheon. The carved oak fireplace here is historic, being made from the table that stood in the house of Bradshaw, the first regicide to sign the warrant for the execution of Charles I.

The drawing-room is very beautiful, and looks to the east. Here there are china once the property of the late Duchess of Teck, priceless Royal Crown Derby and Worcester china, miniatures, bijouterie, and combs which belonged to Mary Antoinette. Most of the pictures are good, but a pastel of a young girl is nothing less than exquisite. Statuary, cabinets, and screens from Japan, beautifully inlaid and most graceful old girandoles and furniture fill the room.

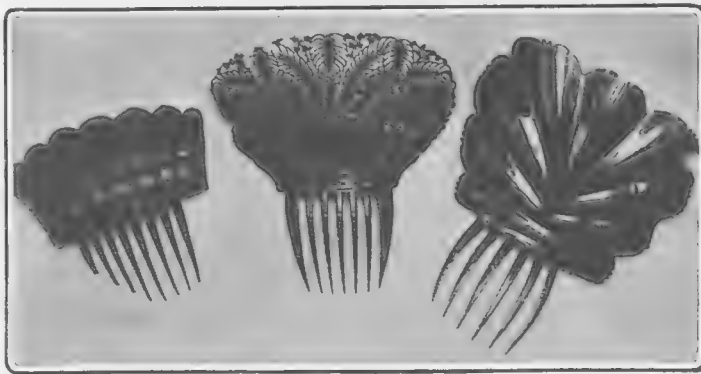
The dining-room is well proportioned, and lighted most ingeniously at night, so that, while the room is flooded with light, no single light is to be seen. The pictures here are the finest in the house, and of these the "Vale of Clwyd" is the best, and the "Lucky Escape,"

which was in the Academy of 1837, is a favourite. The silver is the "god" here, and this ranges from the tall silver London Yacht Club centrepiece to cricket and golf cups, hunt, point-to-point, and Gun Club cups, and, in fact, almost every description of trophy which can be secured in the field of sports or games. These Mr. Noakes and his sons have won at various times.

On the stairs are some quaint and alarming Chinese figures in armour, while below is an old gong, hanging in an oak frame made from wood of the old *Téméraire* and the *Albion*.

Passing down the south corridor, we come to Mr. Noakes's collection of eggs. This is one of the best private collections, and its owner has arranged it with both method and taste in several large cabinets. The billiard-room, once the chapel, leads from here, and is full of stuffed birds and fish—victims to the guns and rods of the family. Very rare and fine specimens are included, and amongst them are the Northern Diver, sand-grouse, and a bittern shot close to London.

From start to finish, Selsdon and its contents are engrossing, and the house undoubtedly ranks amongst the most delightful residences in Surrey.



COMBS THAT BELONGED TO MARY ANTOINETTE.

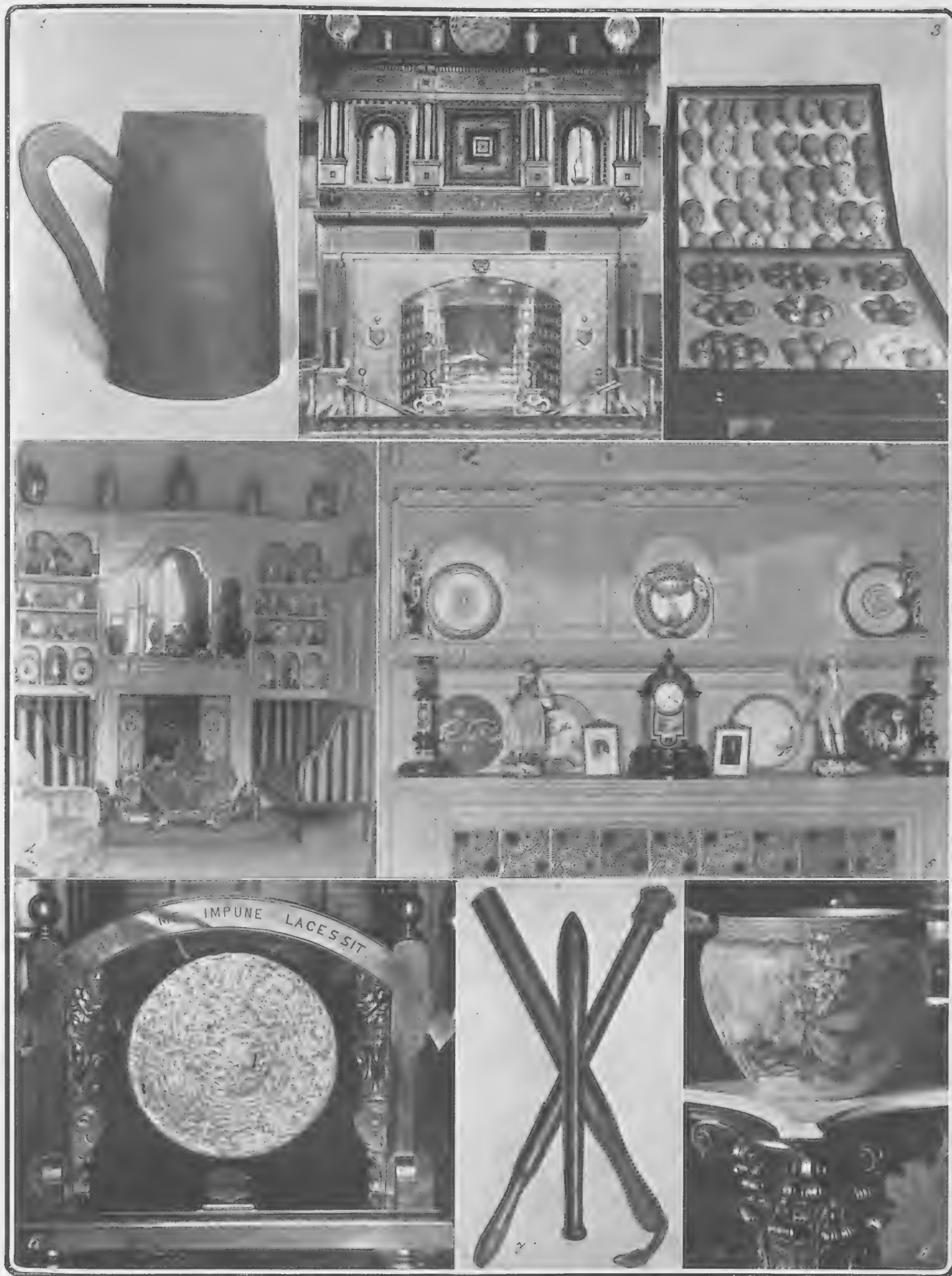


SELSDON PARK, NEAR CROYDON.



## HOUSEHOLD GODS.

V.—MR. WICKHAM NOAKES, J.P.—SELSDON PARK, NEAR CROYDON.



1. A genuine "Black Jack."

2. The fireplace in the Hall, made from a table taken from the house of Bradshaw, the first regicide to sign the warrant for the execution of Charles I.

3. A part of Mr. Noakes's collection of eggs.

4. A collection of china, formerly the property of the late Duchess of Teck.

5. China that formed the King of Würtemberg's wedding-present to the late Duchess of Teck.

6. A gong mounted in a stand made from the wood of the "Albion," which was towed into action at the Bombardment of Sebastopol, and ornamented with miniature reproductions of the "Téméraire's" stern figures.

7. A staff (surmounted by a crown) used by the High Sheriff of Surrey; one used by a Special Constable during the Bread Riots; and a third used by a County policeman.

8. An example of Worcester china, which took a Gold Medal for Hand-Painting at Chicago.

*Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.*

## WEEK-END PAPERS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Sportsman on the Land.*

Just now, everybody who has sporting instincts and a little leisure may be found on the land. Fur and feather are having a very bad time, for, if we except the red-deer, nothing that runs or flies is safe from pursuit. Whether a man be the proud possessor of well-stocked coverts, or has no more than a share in a farm or two—

where the partridges cannot be walked up because they are so wild, and cannot be driven because the land is too small, and sport is merely an affair of rabbits, with a hare and wood-pigeon thrown in occasionally to justify the landlord—the enthusiasm does not vary. Perhaps we stand in need of relaxation, we hard-driven Londoners who are country-men at heart and town-men from necessity; in any case, we play the best game we can, and pay as well for it as we may. Years ago, farmers tell me, they never got anything for their rough-

put the ability to fire five or six shots without putting the weapon down from your shoulder, and the fact that the American choking gives a longer range. You can kill up to nearly eighty yards. I know there are many who are perfectly satisfied with the gun that will kill at thirty-five; but, then, the short range is only really useful for battues or for birds that are rising easily from thick cover; for rough-shooting, which is, after all, the best sport, the repeating-gun is invaluable, and, in the hands of a fair shot, I am convinced that it is bound to prove a hard, clean killer that will account for more driven pheasants than any two double-barrelled guns in the hands of a man of equal capacity. I know that there are people who say that it is not a sportsmanlike weapon, but, then, the same was said about the hammerless ejector. A man is not obliged to misuse a weapon because it happens to be a deadly one. I have always made a point of asking permission to bring a repeating-gun when I have been invited to shoot at a place for the first time, and that permission has never been refused.

*Sport Abroad.*

Writing about shooting reminds me that the man who has leisure and means can have better fun beyond these islands than he can get in them. In France and Italy sport is not up to much; in Spain, on the other hand, it is splendid, and if you have proper credentials you can secure good shooting all over the place. Many land-owners will allow an Englishman who carries introductions to take his gun over their estates, and the rigid preservation of game practised in Germany and Austria is not insisted upon in the Iberian Peninsula. In Asia Minor one can get excellent rough-shooting everywhere, the only danger being that the hunter has a very fair chance of becoming the hunted in these days of Balkan unrest. The best sport that I know in South-Eastern Europe is quail-shooting. Men can never say with certainty when the *giornata* is coming, but when it does come they can fill their game-bags.

*The Argan Forest.*

One of the finest sporting places known to me is the Argan Forest in South Morocco. I suppose the mismanagement of the country avails to keep sportsmen away from it, but there is little real danger in venturing to the Argan Forest, and, if I could spare the time, I would gladly spend three months there. You reach it by way of Mogador, across five miles of desert, and it will take you nearly three days to get from end to end. There is no need for gamelicensces. You take your tent and your food with you, together with your tracker and your dogs, and you can enjoy sport in a place as beautiful as the Western Highlands of Scotland, and blessed with the generous measure of fine, warm days that is denied to our fellow-countrymen who live north of the Tweed. For sport you have sand-grouse, partridges, great and lesser bustard, lynx, deer, hyæna, porcupine, jackal, and, last but not least, wild boar. You need no more than a good tracker and a cool head, and you may fill as big a bag as you wish to take away with you. There are several rivers full of fine fish, and there are sufficient otters to keep two or three packs busy. Some day, I suppose, we shall have French Pacific Penetration, and then not only the big game will disappear, but we shall see crowds of enthusiastic sportsmen going out every Sunday to shoot the little birds that remain alive. And in the end the Argan Forest will become as Tarascon was in the days when Tartarin set out to slay the lions of Atlas.



A WONDER OF THE WORLD: A FIRE IN THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS, COLORADO.

Photograph by G. G. Bain

shooting. To-day the case is altered, and the man who has no more than a hundred and fifty acres can look, if it be any good at all, to get an income of twelve or fifteen pounds a year from it.

*The Battle of the Guns.*

Almost as keen as the pursuit of game is the controversy that rages round the guns themselves. Doubtless there were many who viewed the coming of the breech-loader with dismay, and vowed that the good old days of muzzle-loaders were better than any that can succeed to them. For myself, I am bound to confess that I do not think our gun-makers have kept abreast of the times. We have single-trigger guns, and ejectors of most delicate workmanship and costly finish; but this is an age of machinery, and I cannot help thinking that the machine-made repeating-gun has come to stay. I have used one for five years, and would not go back to the double-barrel under any provocation. Many conservative sportsmen have been convinced, or are being convinced, doubtless to the detriment of the gun-maker's trade. I wanted a small alteration to the stock of a gun not long ago, and went into the shop of a well-known firm. The assistant received my weapon as though it would sting him if he did not handle it cautiously. He received his instructions, and named his price, which did not err on the side of moderation, and then he said, in a voice that had an odd mixture of pity and contempt, "And so you really shoot with one of those things, sir?" I owned up quite cheerfully that I did, and went on to say that I could fire with it quicker than I could when using two guns and a loader. "Well," said the shopman, "I hope you know what these guns have done in America, where they came from." I pleaded ignorance, and remarked that I did not know my favourite weapon was a fugitive from justice. "Well," said he, "there is no game left in America since these guns came into use." "Have you ever heard," I said to him, "of game being preserved anywhere in America outside one or two public parks?" "I don't know anything about it," he replied. I told him I agreed with him for once, and the incident was closed. The absence of preserves has done more to rid America of game than the use of repeating-guns could possibly do.

*Merits and Faults.* With the exception of the capercaillie, I have shot every British game-bird with a repeating-gun, and have been forced to the conclusion that it is the gun of the future. The only serious objection to it is the weight, which is likely to fatigue a slightly built man who is not muscular, and, of course, the constant disturbance of weight as the cartridges in the magazine are used up affects the balance slightly. Against these things, you must



WINE-MAKING IN NAPLES: TREADING OUT THE JUICE OF THE GRAPES.

Photograph by Abbincar.





## A WARM CORNER.

(A LORD-MAYOR'S-SHOW INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF COLONEL BREWER,  
LATE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' SMALL-BORE RIFLES.)

By WALTER EMANUEL.

Illustrated by JOHN HASSALL.

"It happened," said the Colonel, "at the outset of my career as a Volunteer officer, and, if I had not had influence, my career might have been wrecked. Thank Heaven, I have lived it down, but no more Lord Mayors' Shows for me!

"The Lord Mayor for the year was a business friend of mine—we did a lot with him at that time—and it was his suggestion that I and my men should form his Guard of Honour at the Guildhall. I have never been one to care much for tomfoolery of that sort: still, I took it as a compliment. I was a young feller then.

"The morning was foggy and wet, and the day opened for me with a chapter of accidents. Everything seemed to go wrong. To start with, I gave myself a couple of ugly gashes while shaving, which made me look for all the world like the Editor of *Funny Chips*. Then I dropped a stud, and, in stooping to pick it up, my accursed braces burst. This, coming on top of the other annoyance, threw me into a paroxysm of rage, which really weakened me. It left me with no appetite for my breakfast—indeed, I had no time for it, and I had to run for my train. Fortunately, when I was half-way to the station, I found a boy to carry my sword—for it is difficult to run with a sword. Why they don't shorten the confounded things, like I see they are shortening the rifles, I don't know. The train, owing to the fog, reached London Bridge quite half-an-hour late. This meant that I had scarcely had time to glance through my letters at the office when I had to jump into a four-wheeler—I never could stand hansoms, they're dangerous things—and drive to the rendezvous. While in the cab, a miserable, sinking feeling came over me—the result of taking no breakfast—so I got out at the nearest Bodega, and had to take a couple of stiff whiskies before I felt myself again. The fog had now lifted, and the rain had stopped, but it was beastly wet underfoot. I found my men cheerful in spite of it, and looking very gay in their new scarlet uniforms. There were more of 'em than I expected. And now, to show you how misfortune dogged me that day, I must needs

on the following day, he would receive another sixpence, at which the fellow became truculent, and, getting down from his box, offered to fight me and my whole regiment. He was a great, hulking brute, and things were looking ugly, when, fortunately, one of my men came forward and volunteered to pay. The scoundrel accepted half-a-crown, with a leer, and then drove off. (I made a note of his number, and denounced him to Scotland Yard next day.) It was now, of course, very late, but I took my men at a fine, swinging pace from the Bank through the Poultry, and I think we were admired. You see, City people very seldom see soldiers.

"It was when we got to the end of the Poultry, just past Benetfink's—as it was then—that the Incident occurred. Now, it's a curious thing about me, but ever since I was a child I have had trouble with my right and left hand. I always have to think which is which: it don't come instinctively. Well now, I had to get my men down



"I got my men to the Guildhall, and, when I arrived there, I collapsed, I am told."

King Street. Of course, I should have thought before I spoke, but I decided to risk it. I remember it all as well as if it happened yesterday. The windows on either side of the roadway were bright with ladies. 'Left-turn—at the double!' I cried (for we were late), and, to my horror, I saw the fellows trotting down Queen Street, which is on the other side of the road. 'No, no—right-turn!' I cried, perceiving my mistake. The faithful beggars obeyed me, just as a ship answers to her rudder; but, somehow or other, they must have got a bit out of the straight, for my order sent 'em trooping into the Atlas Insurance Company's office. I still remember the look of astonishment on the clerks' faces. 'No, no!' I shouted, rushing in after my men; 'you don't understand me'—I was getting a bit flustered now—'Left wheel!' And this took 'em into a picture-shop across the street. 'Halt!' I cried. Phew! The perspiration was streaming down my face, and I wished those ladies hadn't been at the windows. I took off my shako, and thought, What should I do to get the fellows right? I had half a mind to march them down to Stoneham's book-shop, and there get a drill-book which would give me some hints. The deuce of it was that the crowd was pretty thick just here, and was becoming impertinent. Foolish suggestions were made to me. I was told afterwards that I drew my sword on a butcher-boy, but I do not believe it. No, I decided that I would extricate my men unaided. 'Tenshun!' I cried. 'Right wheel—left wheel!—right wheel!—no, right-about-turn!—OH, DEMMIT ALL, GO DOWN KING STREET!' To judge by the yell of ghoully laughter which here arose from the unwashed, their sense of humour was no clearer than their complexions. Why is it that a crowd always sets itself against Authority? Anyhow, I got my men to the Guildhall, and, when I arrived there, I collapsed, I am told. 'A surfeit of liquid on an insufficiently nourished stomach,' was the doctor's diagnosis.

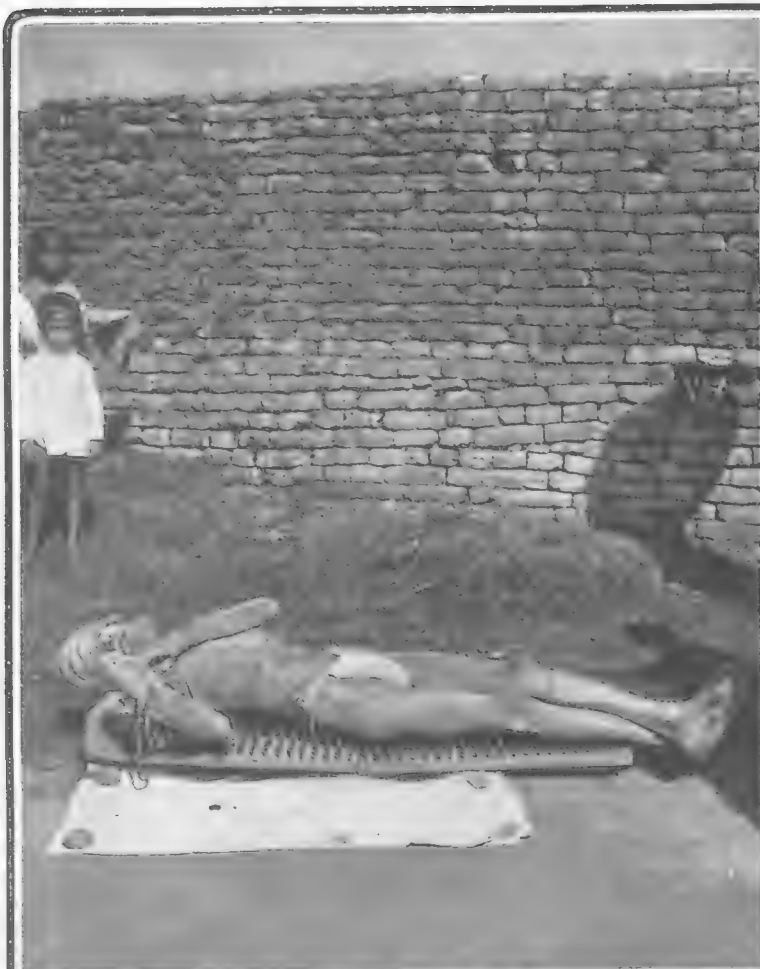
"But, mind you, the fault for this regrettable affair was not so much mine as the men's. I told 'em so afterwards, in a lecture on the Higher Tactics. The dullards had not the sense to see that I was ill, and that this was just one of the occasions when they would have been justified in disobeying orders. Some officers, as I told them, would have sacked 'em for it."



"Getting down from his box, offered to fight me and my whole regiment."

have trouble with the cabman. When I got out, I found that I had nothing in my pocket but a shilling and a five-pound note; and the driver refused to take the shilling, and I refused to give him the five-pound note. I told the man that, if he liked to call at my office

## SELF-BURDENED MEN AND MEN-BURDENED BEASTS IN INDIA.



PAINFUL PENANCE: A FAKIR EASING HIS CONSCIENCE BY SLEEPING ON A BED OF SPIKES.

INDIA'S BEAST OF BURDEN AS AN EXECUTIONER: AN ELEPHANT ILLUSTRATING ANCIENT INDIA'S METHOD OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—CRUSHING THE CONDEMNED MAN UNDER FOOT.

PAINFUL PENANCE: A FAKIR SEATED IN THE FULL GLARE OF THE SUN, SURROUNDED BY FIRES, AND WITH HIS FACE COVERED WITH A THICK CLOTH.

INDIA'S BEAST OF BURDEN: AN ELEPHANT CARRYING ITS MAHOUT ON ITS TUSKS.



BROBDINGNAGIAN BRITISH SUBJECTS.



GIANT HILL-MEN FROM NORTHERN INDIA - EACH NEARLY EIGHT FEET HIGH.

*Stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New-York.*

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AT THE MARBLE ARCH.

By F. STEWART.

SHE was attempting to catch a Shepherd's Bush 'bus at the Marble Arch when she first caught sight of him. She knew him at once, and looked the other way. In a flash she remembered how he had always said, in his stiff, formal, Early Victorian way, that no lady should ever enter an omnibus, and that people who lived at Shepherd's Bush were impossible. He had had a way of pronouncing the simple word that endowed it with a hideous meaning. She used to laugh at him, but this afternoon she felt that her mirth had been, perhaps, a trifle misplaced. She also remembered that her boots were shabby and of an indifferent cut, that she wore a ready-made blouse, and that her hat had been trimmed by her own clumsy fingers. She had not forgotten his extreme fastidiousness regarding women's apparel; how in the days of their engagement she had spent long hours trying to satisfy his requirements. With something of the old bitterness, she remembered how frequently she had failed, and how he had never been rendered oblivious of an unfortunate hat by its proximity to her charming face. He had been a trying lover. She had finally found him so trying in the capacity that she had rejected him as husband. No income, however handsome, could compensate her for the extreme annoyance attendant on his perpetual cultivation of the critical quality. Primarily other destinies had been dependent upon her choice. But when death had freed her from their claims she had clutched at deliverance. George Seymour had helped her clutch—had, indeed, handsomely strengthened her hold. He was young, handsome, and poor, but no one could look at him and doubt that the future held wondrous gifts. For the time his only credential had been his personality. Sylvia Marston had succumbed to it with promptitude. Later, she had found it a somewhat indifferent compensation for the loss of what she might have held. Then had come a period of desolation—for Seymour had not hastened to fulfil the lovely promise. He had, indeed, dropped down the scale, and, from being regarded as a young man of promise, was now regarded as a failure.

When she was conscious that her fears were groundless and that Lascelles had turned away without seeing her, she became aware of a pang of disappointment. She would have liked to hear him speak—less for love of the man than for love of the world he represented. As the omnibus rumbled along, with its horrible, swaying motion, she found it difficult to believe that she had ever known that world. She remembered how beautiful she had first thought it, how it had surpassed her most wonderful expectations. And her expectations had been very high. She had been brought up in the country, where she might have vegetated until her youth and beauty were things of the past had she not happened to attract the attention of an aunt of means who prided herself on being the first to "discover."

She was, indeed, so anxious to "discover" that she was sometimes too kind—too blind to obvious limitations. But Sylvia Marston had not disappointed her. Her beauty had been undeniable—so dainty, so exquisite, that it was almost incredible that five short years should so utterly have wrecked it.

She felt very sore. The possibilities that the future might have held increased as she approached her home. She felt still more injured when she entered it—and very sorry for herself. A horrible smell of cooking travelled up the kitchen stairs; there was a clamour of children's voices. As she entered the room where he was sitting, her husband looked up with a smile. "I thought you were lost, darling," he said. He still adored his wife.

"I have only been out about an hour," she said, with rare irritability. She went slowly up the stairs and shut herself in her room. She saw herself the heroine of a most pitiful tragedy. So pitiful, indeed, that her sense of its dramatic value was aroused, her sense of the situation vivified. She not infrequently supplemented their small income by writing short stories, and here, indeed, was a plot made to her hand. She began. The words came easily. She was not stupid and she quite realised the value of a rosy sunset in March behind the Marble Arch; she dilated with effect on the exquisite lines of the naked boughs of the trees on the pink sky, on the faint mist through which incidental gas-lamps flickered. She accentuated the monstrous contrast between the rich, be-furred woman in her motor and her poor sister dragging weary limbs along the pavement. This with a bitterness that suggested the personal note. She wrote of the meeting of two ex-lovers. It was unfortunate that he had not seen her; her proximity should have communicated itself to him. But she overcame this difficulty. She luxuriated in expressing the poignant anguish the meeting had occasioned her,

the memories it had evoked. She wrote of the might-have-been with a capital M. Her eloquence amazed her. Never had her pen run with such a facile flow. She laid immense stress on the folly of romanticism. She wrote cynically of love. She was nearing the end of her narrative, when there came a hitch. Her story began to lack realism; it was indeterminate; it read as if the author lacked conviction. It was curious that her belief that she had taken the wrong turning at a momentous period of her life increased as she looked round the shabby room and contrasted it with the magnificence she might have commanded. But, nevertheless, she could not forget her husband's ardent struggles to make her happy; his unswerving patience; the anguish in his face when she had reproached him—and she had reproached him very often. Once and once only in their married life had he broken down, and then he had only said, "I thought you married me because you loved me," and had left her. She tried to think of Lascelles from her present point of view, and could only regard him from the past. She had nicknamed him King Cophetua.

Her dark mood was passing, and she knew that even in fiction she could not regret her marriage. But for the time she was sick of ink and problems. The voices of the children called her. She went to them and left her unfinished pages—the pages that awaited an end.

She could not understand what had detained him. It was long past the time at which he generally returned. She grew anxious as the hours slipped by. She wandered restlessly about the house, seeking an occupation that should distract her thoughts. She went up to her study (so-called by courtesy) and feverishly turned over her papers. Writing an end to the wretched tale that she had begun would, at least, be something to do. She came upon the pages and began reading them through, and stopped, startled, sickened. Crudely done, the end was not badly told. It was written with a very fury of bitterness and regret at chances wasted, at a life denuded of everything that makes life worth living, and finished in a burst of self-mockery at having so foolishly relinquished the good things of this world for things romantic.

The horrible cruelty of what she had done came home to her as she sat staring at the page before her. And he had not come back. And if he did, would he ever believe that she had meant to write another ending? She was condemned by her own hand. But she soon forgot the difficulties of the situation as presented in this light in fears for his physical well-being. There are many ways of being killed in London, and she remembered them all. It was past twelve when a sound startled her, and she turned and saw her husband standing in the doorway. "My dear, what can I do to make amends?" he said quietly. "Why did you marry me?"

"Because I loved you—I loved you." Ordinarily a self-contained woman, her relief was so great that her emotions mastered her, swayed her, shook her. "And I thought something had happened to you. . . . George, how could you be so cruel?" She moved towards him.

"Cruel! . . . You talk of cruel, and you wrote that?" He pointed to the table.

For a second she was staggered, and then her woman's wit saved her. "And you spoil it," she retorted. "I was just working up to the cheerful ending. You know what editors are. And you wrote a despairing-cum-disenchanted ending. You never had an eye to the market, dear."

Her tone was very gay. Her eyes shone brightly through her unshed tears; her cheeks were flushed with the old rose.

"The beginning was sad enough," he said. There was a touch of scepticism in his tone, but she saw that he was wavering and pushed her advantage further.

"Something dark against something light," she explained, "is an absolute necessity. Even the optimistic editor doesn't want all sunshine."

"Sylvia, if it had been true!" He came towards her with outstretched hands and a working face.

"Darling, can't you believe?" She laughed as she kissed him. "Well, to prove my case, to-morrow, after I have finished this—I have an eye to the market—I will write a story in which the heroine marries for money and regrets love; my end will be as convincing as yours."

She did.

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WITH the production of "The Temptation of Samuel Burge," at the Imperial, the name of Mr. W. W. Jacobs will again appear on the programme of a West-End theatre, thus rapidly confirming the denial made by *The Sketch* two or three weeks ago that he had renounced all idea of being associated with more plays. In this case he has for collaborator Mr. Frederick Fenn, whose "Op o' My Thumb,"

written with Mr. Richard Pryce, has recently been produced in America, with Miss Maud Adams as Amanda, a part which, widely different as it is from anything she has hitherto acted, has served to enhance her reputation.

That the traditional luck which is supposed to cling to odd numbers will be meted out to Mr. Forbes-Robertson on Tuesday



MISS RUTH VINCENT (MRS. JOHN FRASER) AND HER BABY.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

evening, when he makes his third production at the Scala, is the wish that is being universally expressed. As it was Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley who gave him, in "Mice and Men," one of his greatest successes, it is hoped that she will be equally fortunate with her admirably named "Mrs. Grundy." For this production Mr. Forbes-Robertson has specially engaged Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who has not been seen on the West-End stage for some time, while other parts will be played by Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Bromley Davenport, Mr. J. H. Ryley, and Miss June Van Buskirk, in addition, of course, to Miss Gertrude Elliott and Mr. Forbes-Robertson himself. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's part is that of a clergyman.

Mr. Sidney Bowkett could desire no greater proof of the success of his farce, "The Lucky Miss Dean," than the fate which has followed it so far, and is meted out for it on Saturday evening, when Mr. Frederick Harrison will make it the chief piece in the programme of the Haymarket Theatre. Produced almost at the end of Miss Ethel Irving's season at the Criterion, where it might have run for months, it had to be taken off speedily to make room for "The White Chrysanthemum." Then Miss Irving was lucky enough to book a tour for it at short notice, and, now that it is to be produced by Mr. Harrison, she has had to hand over her part to Miss Jessie Bateman, as she is under contract to appear in "Mr. Popple." Mr. Charles Hawtrey will thus be seen at the Haymarket a couple of months earlier than was originally anticipated, and he and Miss Bateman will be associated with Mr. Denis Eadie, Mr. Courtney Foote, and Miss Kate Sergeantson in the other leading parts, while Mr. Holman Clark alone retains the character originally acted by him, and thus returns to the theatre in which he has played many engagements. "The Lucky Miss Dean" will be preceded by "A Privy Council," in which Miss Alice Crawford and Mr. Sydney Valentine are seen to such advantage.

Cato, we know, learnt Greek at eighty, but for an actor of seventy-six, whose name is associated with the legitimate drama, and that of the highest kind, to contemplate going, if not into musical comedy, yet into what is fast becoming its substitute, the old-fashioned comic opera, is remarkable. That is what Mr. Hermann Vezin is about to do, for he has signed an engagement to play in "Les Cloches de Corneville" and "Madame Angot," in Glasgow next month. In the former, he will, of course, be the Gaspard, the old miser whose character offers such splendid opportunities for intense acting; and in the latter he will be Larriaudière. In the event of the productions meeting with the success hoped for them, it is highly probable that Mr. Vezin may be seen in one or other of these parts in London, for the term of the original engagement will be extended and the pieces will be taken on tour.

Two light plays and a serious one finish on Saturday night. They are "On the Quiet," at the Comedy, "What the Butler Saw," at the Savoy, and "For the Crown," at the Scala.

The prohibition of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in New York may be regarded as a vindication of the attitude of our own Censor, who, it will be remembered, refused to license the play, which was given by invitation when it was played in London. Whether this fact had any weight with the New York police authorities it would be impossible to say. Had the intervention of the police not been followed by so drastic a result as the withdrawal of the play by Mr. Arnold Daly, "owing to the universal condemnation of the Press," there is no doubt that he would have made a fortune out of it, for no advertisement can compare with even the faintest suggestion of impropriety. Proof of this is forthcoming in the fact that people paid very high prices for seats. As many people aver that the production of a play really involves a collaboration between author, actors, and audience, the arrest only of the manager of the theatre and of the actors who played in it would seem to be something of a one-sided affair. The occasion would have been memorable had the whole audience been arrested for assisting in the production of a play which the Chief Commissioner of Police characterised as "distinctly against public morals and decency."

While Mr. Arnold Daly's name is well known to the readers of *The Sketch*, that of Miss Mary Shaw, who played the leading woman's part, is by no means so familiar. She, however, has the reputation of being one of the cleverest actresses on the American stage. She was, at the early part of her career, Madame Modjeska's leading woman, and played all the next parts to that accomplished actress. Then she took the first parts in many Companies. Some years ago, she appeared in "Ghosts," and the general public of New York, which had hitherto regarded her as a good leading lady, became aware that she was an exceptionally fine actress and placed her in the position which had long been accorded to her in professional circles.

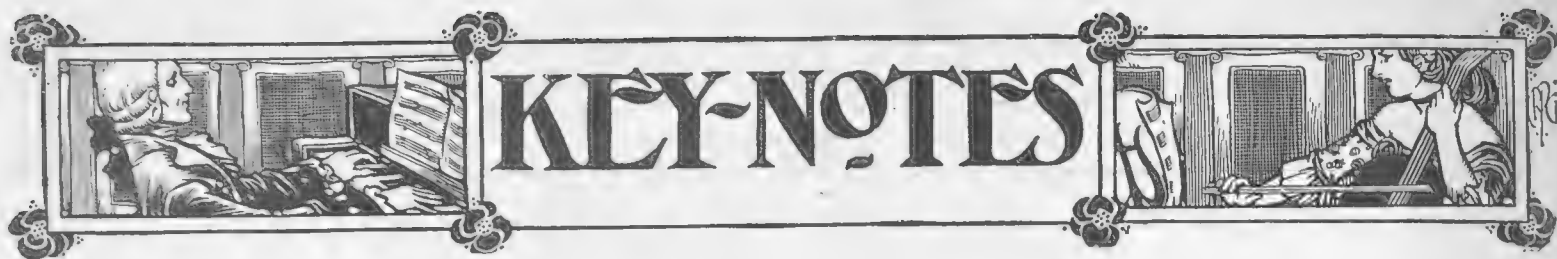
So many of the actors associated with Sir Henry Irving were with him for very many years that some fears have been expressed that they might have a difficulty in getting new engagements. How groundless these fears have been, in the case of the younger men at all events, is proved by the cast of "The Mountain Climber," which includes the name of Mr. Charles Dodsworth, the leading comedian of the Irving Company, and Mr. Vincent Sternroyd. Among Mr. Huntley Wright's other associates will be Mr. Graham Browne, Mr. Frederick Volpé, Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. Ernest Cosham, and Mr. Charles Bryant. Miss Margaret Halstan, Miss Dora Barton, Miss Grace Lane, and the always delightful Miss Lottie Venne, who will be welcomed back to the stage of the Comedy Theatre, which has seen so many of her triumphs.



MRS. BERNARD BEERE'S RETURN TO THE STAGE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS AS MÈRE MICHAUD IN "THE SPY," AT THE COLISEUM.

Mrs. Bernard Beere returned to the stage, from which she retired after her marriage with Mr. H. C. S. Olivier in 1900, a few days ago, playing at the Coliseum in the miniature melodrama "The Spy." Mrs. Beere, it will be remembered, began her real professional career at the St. James's Theatre as Julia in "The Rivals," and, amongst other parts, created in England Fédora, in Sardou's drama of that name, at the Haymarket. This was her greatest hit, but she came near to it with "La Tosca."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



**B**OITO is known to the world chiefly as the librettist of Verdi. He did for Verdi that which probably no other person could have done—reduced great dramas into the thought and conception of music. So far as fame is concerned, Boito has not exactly made his reputation as a great creative composer. Yet his “Mefistofele,” produced the other day at Covent Garden, shows that, at all events, his literary manner is accompanied by musical thought. The strangest thing about Boito’s temperament is that he writes literature for music, and that he does not write music for literature. It is for this reason that he has given us many librettos of great value, and that his own musical creations have not met with world-wide success, simply because people will not believe that a man who writes so well as an artist in letters can write as an artist in music. The production of his opera at Covent Garden gives great praise to the management; the mounting was excellent, and the realisation of Goethe’s poem was presented to the English public in a form which reflects very highly upon the artistic advisers and the managers of the theatre. Signor Zenatello took the part of Faust, and sang well throughout the whole opera; Signora Giachetti took the two parts of Margherita and Elena with a certain sense of right feeling; it would be better, we think, if she did not cultivate the art of singing in vibrato to such an extreme extent.

Every praise is due to the chorus, which sang admirably well; and the same praise is due to the ballet-dancers, who by their gestures and movements gave one the real impression of a meaning which Gluck first established on the stage, and which the late Sir Henry Irving also established in his own repertory. Signor Mugnone has now become almost an institution at Covent Garden; and he has deserved all the praise which has been given to him. Boito’s work is a very difficult and very delicate matter to tackle; but this conductor realised the genius of the man by infusing into the orchestra the genius of instrumentation, which was the one thing for which Boito worked.

Mr. F.’s Aunt was used to observe that there are milestones on the Dover Road. Even so, one may say that there are constantly earthquakes in Calabria. We have been among the witnesses of these earthquakes, particularly at Ischia; but Calabria seems to have attracted the attention of Madame Melba, with the inevitable result that the chorus and orchestra of Covent Garden will offer their services (on the 19th of the present month) in a generous desire to help the sufferers. Madame Melba herself will appear, and the principal artists of Covent Garden will join her in her endeavour to assist those who are now labouring under a real and serious tragedy. Madame Melba, as the whole world knows, is always to the forefront when there is anything to be done to assist sufferers. In this, as in other ways, she is an example to some artists. Immensely successful as she is, she is never so absorbed in her

own success that she has no thought for those who, by very stray paths, have attempted to follow in her ways.

The Norwich Festival has been signalled by two exceptional concerts. As a rule, one does not attend very carefully, so far as historical notes go, to particular performances. Yet it must be said that the performance of “Messiah” was in the present writer’s experience a rare and notable feat. Mr. Randegger, despite much suffering which he had to endure from the results of a deplorable

accident, conducted the Festival with wonderful energy and skill. The Norwich singers were in exceedingly good form throughout; the sopranos especially were splendid; one might have thought that in their rendering of the “Hallelujah Chorus” the limit of their accomplishment had been reached; but to anybody who waited for the “Amen Chorus” the impression gained by that final effort of gaiety and joyousness in music must have left a memory that will long abide.

One special fact connected with the Norwich Festival was the production of Sir Hubert Parry’s setting of Browning’s “The Pied Piper of Hamelin.” I have many times considered Sir Hubert Parry’s music from possibly too narrow a point of view. I have not reckoned him as more than a mere Academician. But this new work proves that he has all the capacity of the serious artist, and also of the humorous artist. It may be said that “The Pied Piper of Hamelin” is a jest, a mere musical jest. I think, however, that I see somewhat farther when I say that Sir Hubert Parry, in entering into the spirit of Browning’s work, almost took the mantle of the poet upon himself. For instance, the idea which created the fugue in the earlier part of the score, the humour which brings you down to the idea of “Rats,” beginning with fun and ending with dread tragedy, is in itself a masterpiece of appreciation in music. Towards the end, when the real tragedy comes, it was possible for the listener to spare a little excitability upon the question as to whether Sir Hubert Parry would finally treat his matter with a certain casualness naturally born out of his subject. He did nothing of the kind. He felt the tragedy of the disappearing children, he realised all that the thing meant to those who were left behind; and his final phrases were practically a requiem as the poor boys and girls disappeared into

the mountains. I know not how to give higher praise than this to a work which has stirred me from both an emotional and intellectual point of view.

Madame Rosa Olitzka, who has often pleased numerous audiences by her rendering of various operatic rôles in both metropolitan and provincial theatres, sang at the Crystal Palace a few days ago with great success. Her voice is as fresh as ever, and her dramatic instinct never fails her.

COMMON CHORD.

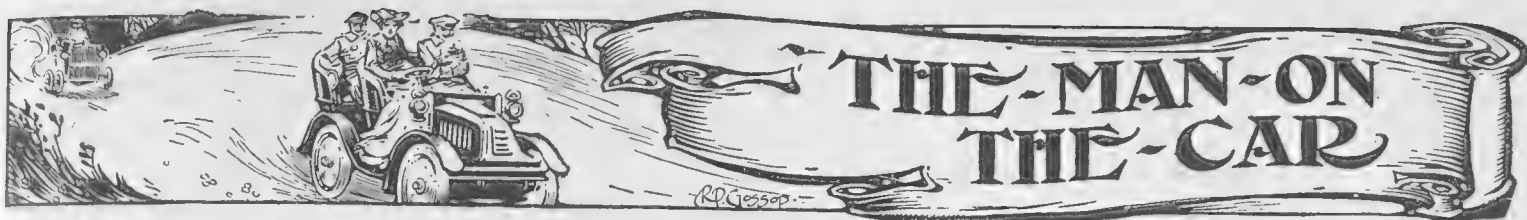


A FLAUTIST WHO NEVER KISSES, MISS DE FOREST ANDERSON, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE QUEEN'S HALL ON FRIDAY.

On the advice of her physician, Miss de Forest Anderson abandoned kissing when she learnt that she must be either flirt or flautist; that kissing, in fact, would ruin the sensitiveness of the muscles of her mouth and thus handicap her in the profession she has chosen to follow. Curiously enough, medical advice also first persuaded her to learn the instrument of which she is now the master, and she took up flute-playing in the hope that it would arrest rapid consumption, with which she was threatened, a hope that has been fully realised. Miss Anderson, who is an American, is known on the other side of the Atlantic not only as a soloist, but as a composer and conductor. The programme she is to give under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood and with the aid of his orchestra is exceedingly attractive.

Photograph by Mayall and Co.





A BRIDGE MOTOR-TOLL REDUCED BY HALF—MOTOR-TRAPS THE BURGLAR'S OPPORTUNITY—CARRIAGE-BUILDERS TURN CAR-MAKERS—  
A JETLESS, FLOATLESS CARBURETTER AND AN OIL-CLUTCH—FRENCH MODELS AT OLYMPIA.

I HAVE more than once advised motorists to lose no time in taking up membership of the Motor Union if they are not already members of the Automobile Club. At present, as is well known, the Motor Union is charged with the responsible and onerous task of representing the views and claims of automobilism before the Motor Commission; but, in addition to this important championship, the Union continues to perform other good work on behalf of the pastime and the industry. Already it has been instrumental in effecting reductions in the tollage charged upon motor-cars for passing over several privately owned bridges, and just lately, as a result of complaints as to the heavy charge of two shillings per car demanded by the Manchester Ship-Canal Company for cars crossing the Warburton Bridge on the main-road between Warrington and Salford, the Union has prevailed upon the Canal Company to reduce this toll by half. The reduction has been made with a proviso that the speed over the bridge shall not exceed five miles per hour.

When the policeman is not engaged in his employment—that is, his proper employment, the prevention of crime and misdoing and the apprehension of wrongdoers who bring loss upon the community—but is smuggled away in ditches and behind stone walls, motor-trapping; when Robert is so employed, I say, is the burglar's rich, full harvest-time, and he is not slow to avail himself of it. This is what many affluent residents in certain parts of Surrey are just now finding out to their cost, and the motorphobic Chief Constable of Surrey is in continuous receipt of angrily worded complaints on the subject.

The members of the carriage trade, or those that stand at the head of it, are far from content at seeing the automobile business taken over by folks who have ever been strangers to the ancient craft of coach-building. Certain carriage-builders are of opinion that carriage building and automobile construction are not so far apart that they may not take a hand in the new industry, in order to make good the breaches it has undoubtedly made in the old. One, and not the least, of those old-established houses who are of this opinion—to wit, Messrs. Morgan and Co., Limited, of 10, Old Bond Street, whose establishment dates from 1762—is not satisfied with the building of bodies for chassis, and is now turning out its own chassis, the "Morgan," to carry its own bodies, built, as only past-masters of carriage-work can build them, to the special orders of its customers.

In entering the full lists of the automobile industry, Messrs. Morgan and Co. have not been content to follow slavishly upon other people's models and types. They have something special in the way of an engine, something particular and peculiar in the way of carburetters, and something very refined in the character of a clutch.

The 4-cylinder engine,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -in. bore,  $5\frac{3}{8}$ -in. stroke, has mechanically actuated valves, inductions to the right and exhausts to the left, variable lift of the inlet-valves controllable from the wheel, and most simple and accessible means of getting at the valves themselves. Both accumulator-fed and magneto high-tension ignition are fitted, and, altogether, the motor is a thoroughly up-to-date job, with distinct points of its own. The carburetter has neither jet to choke nor float-feed to get out of adjustment. It serves mixture in absolutely proper proportion to the engine at all speeds, and neither dirt nor water can interfere with its working. The clutch, which is the sweetest possible thing in application, is the Sparks-Boothby hydraulic clutch, which drives through oil and is a most perfect thing in its way. The "Morgan" transmission is equal to the best; indeed, the "Morgan" chassis, while being turned out in the best engineering style, bristles with interesting and original points.

There will this year at least be little or no need for English automobilists to cross to Paris for the Salon des Automobiles, charming as that exhibition always is. The French industry have hearkened to the words of wisdom as uttered by that brilliant French journalist, Georges Prade, and have realised that the salvation of their trade, which has long caught up with and overtaken home demands, remains at present with the English market. Consequently, the French makers are straining every nerve to have their 1906 chassis displayed beneath the big roof-sweep at West Kensington on the 17th inst. I think our French friends should gather their rose-buds while they may. The British industry, if it is not checked in its growing stride by the findings of the Royal Motor Commission, is hot upon their heels, and before another two years are over our heads the French export of automobiles to this country will have very sensibly diminished. Englishmen are beginning to believe—nay, already do believe—in home-made cars, and, having arrived at

that point, the rest is easy. The Frenchman, who has more patriotism of a sort in his little finger than an Englishman has in his whole body, always pins his faith to, swears by, and buys home products.



A TROPHY FOR MINIATURE MOTOR-BOATS: THE BRANGER CUP, "L'ÉTOILE DE MER."

The trophy here shown is offered by the well-known French photographer, M. Branger, and has already yielded several interesting contests.

Photograph by Branger.



THREE GENERATIONS AND A CAR: MR. C. B. FRY, THE WELL-KNOWN ATHLETE, HIS FATHER, MR. L. J. FRY, AND HIS SON, STEPHEN, ON A 16 H.P. DE DIETRICH.

From a Copyright Photograph.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

FUTURES—BETTING—EXPENSES—TRIALS AND TOUTS—FAT HORSES.

THE race for the Cambridgeshire should have a bearing on future events. Velocity won easily at Newmarket, thus compensating Mrs. Jackson for vexatious defeats at Kempton and Ayr. Glenamoy showed currishness in the race, or he would have finished closer to the winner. He is among the acceptances for the Liverpool Cup and the Derby Gold Cup, and he may run well for one of these races if he tries. The Page has accepted for the Liverpool Cup and the Derby Cup. I am told that St. Wulfram is a good thing for the Liverpool race, while Best Light and Chaucer may get places. The Derby Gold Cup will bring out a representative field. The penalty may stop Velocity, but Hammerkop is not out of the race, although top-weights do not always win on this quick course, and it may well be that the horse was left in to keep the weight down for Roe O'Neill. The latter I know to be a good horse when fit and well, but he has given his trainer a lot of trouble, and I, for one, shall not trust him until he has shown in public that he is sound. Cliftonhall comes into the argument at last, but I shall go solid for Burgundy, who ran a good race in the Cesarewitch.

Now that apprentices are to be prevented from claiming the 5 lb. allowance in big handicaps, ante-post betting ought to hum once more. It is not generally known that several commissions are worked in South Africa on English races, and good prices are returned in the main, as the books are much larger at the Cape than they are in the London Clubs. The Continental List men, too, continue to do good business among little punters, especially with regard to double and treble events. In this matter it may be of interest to name their limits. For double events, those on two horses to win, 1,000 to 1; one horse to win and one place, 400 to 1; two horses for places, 200 to 1. The limits for treble events are: Three horses to win, 2,000 to 1; two horses to win and one place, 1,200 to 1; one horse to win and two places, 800 to 1; three horses for places, 300 to 1. The latter form of investment is the most popular one with little backers, and I am told that during the year any number of place trebles are landed, and, when it is remembered that the picking has to be done some days before the race, the result is not bad.

One of the Newmarket trainers who runs several horses of his own told a friend of mine a day or two back that his expenses averaged £25,000 per annum. This amount takes some getting, and I quote the figures to show what is spent over the Sport of Kings. The trainer referred to is a thrifty man, who does not keep up an extravagant household, and he never indulges in luxury, in the shape of expensive wines and motor-cars, nor does he employ liveried servants. The bulk of the money goes in the upkeep of his training-stables, in

fees, and in travelling-expenses. He owns one or two useful horses among his lot, but not many, and trains for several owners. I should say there are stables at Newmarket that cost double the amount mentioned to keep going, and the money must come from somewhere. I suggest, the horse-owners' pockets.

The attempts made by certain trainers to hoodwink the touts fail lamentably, and the true strength of the majority of the trials is soon known to those responsible for the running of evening papers. True, it is impossible to find out the exact weights carried by the

horses, but sufficient can be gleaned to keep the speculating public in the right track. The trials that take place at Newmarket are faithfully reported by some of the leading touts, and they are, as a rule, borne out in the race. When we consider that there are at least two thousand horses doing work at the Headquarters of the Turf every day, it is astounding to find all the work so faithfully reported. True, there are several watchers who have their own stables to look after, yet the two-year-olds have to be discovered, and that is by no means a small matter. To show how 'cute the men of observation are, I need only mention a little incident that happened at Newmarket. I was talking in the Paddock to my old friend, the late Tom White, of Epsom, when a horse owned by Lord Calthorpe and trained by Jewitt came upon the scene in his clothes. Tom had not seen the animal for about seven months, but he spotted some grey hairs that had appeared in the horse's tail since he was last out, and the lad in charge verified

Tom's assertion. The horse referred to nearly broke his backers, and died eventually of a broken heart.

It will not be safe to predict with any certainty the success of horses in hurdle-races and steeplechases until just before Christmas. I have seen several fat and entirely unfit horses performing under National Hunt Rules during the last few days—horses that could be relied on to win anything when thoroughly wound-up. It is often possible to win a hurdle-race at this time of year with a five-furlong flat-racer. Indeed, the flat-race sprinter can generally be relied on to stay a two-mile course over hurdles, and I once remember an animal running in a flat-race and a hurdle-race on the same afternoon, but he won neither. The late John Nightingall owned an old hurdle-plater that could always be relied upon to win races without any work. He was successful in several selling hurdle-races, but those who bought the winner could never make him pay, as they put him into strong work. The horse, in the course of time, would become once more an occupant of the South Hatch stable at Epsom, and, after being given a rest, would bob up serenely once more.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE KING OF SPAIN ENGAGED IN HIS FAVOURITE HOBBY: HIS MAJESTY ON A SHOOTING EXPEDITION.

It is a little curious to note that King and attendant have much the same cast of features.

Photograph by Branger.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

KIND and amiable Parisian friends, whose gaily toned personalities are doubtless derived from the cheerful environment of that thrice-delightful city, keep me informed of all changes of fashion with greater interest and avidity than I could spare them over a race-meeting, did I not realise that for them such occasions are merely another opportunity for exhibiting clothes. They wax passionate over the developments of the paletot, are reduced to tears (represented by notes of exclamation) on the sin of putting steel in our jupons, and are up in arms over the unbecomingness of the "Capeline Henri Deux," which everybody has adopted because it is the fashion. Such heartfelt and doubly underlined emotions are doubtless applicable to all femininity, though not equally on one subject.

Take a fair French neighbour at a race-meeting, for instance. Her interest and solicitude centre chiefly on the effect her charming self and garments produce. The Englishwoman, true to the inborn commercialism of generations, is keenly intent on bringing off her bets. "To win" and "For a place" share her waking interests with the Kate Reily or Paquin's creations that walk about on all sides. "She of Ireland," once more demonstrating the eternal truth of heredity, is entirely submerged in the mere merits of flying horseflesh, which a sporting ancestry has taught her to appraise to a nicety—and so the world wags on its separate ways, various exceedingly.

Apropos, I was present some evenings since at a popular women's club, where the discussion of marriage customs in different countries

was under investigation, and it was interesting to hear a learned don of Oxford aver as his experience that perhaps nowhere save in Ireland was the ideal marriage more often realised, where up to recent times "there was no lurid and volcanic company-keeping before marriage, and no ashes of disillusion after." Here, according to ancient custom, the peasant mother says to her child, "Bridget, get out your Sunday dress; you are to be married on Thursday evening," and Bridget says, "Very well, mother," not even asserting a faintest right to know the name of her spouse. Yet these marriages are almost invariably happy, unless drink comes in to

are careful to inform me that I ought to have an Ecossais of dark green and blue plaid as the new thing for a winter trotteuse, with short, basqued jacket of dark-blue or green velvet, and a stole of curled cock's-feathers. This sounds attractive, as does the



AN AFTERNOON-GOWN IN SAPPHIRE VELVET AT LOLA'S,  
10, DOVER STREET, W.

[Copyright.]



[Copyright.]

THE LATEST MODE.

description of a three-quarter-length paletot in pale dove-grey cloth, which can be worn open or closed, and, banded with chinchilla over velvet cuffs, front, and collar, makes a pretty wrap accompaniment to a grey cloth gown of the same colour. Everything is *en suite* this year—stockings, petticoat, frock, furs, coat, hat, and gloves—an expensive fashion, but dainty exceedingly, and more impressive than a dozen contrasting effects.

There is one advantage in the exceedingly enhanced prices of fur this year—that everybody begins to recognise that we are carrying what represents many crisp Bank of England notes nowadays when we walk abroad in sable, ermine, chinchilla, or even mink and marten when of the best. We all long unfeignedly for beautiful furs, but their growing scarcity and value mark them out as only for the rich. It may, however, be reassuring to know that Poland, of Oxford Street, the old-established furrier, has stocks of such unmade skins. Viennese box-pleated tailor-skirts, the velvet skirt of nine gores, the still fuller and more sweeping jupon with fifteen, the fullest allowance ever prescribed by fashion as I thought, were actually confronted with a sapphire walking-dress by Beer, enriched with sapphire and jet embroidery, Russian sable trimmings, and a skirt of twenty-one gores!

The mention of sapphires recalls some most desirable jewellery seen this week at the Parisian Diamond Company's shops in the Burlington Arcade, which is particularly to be admired because of its effective combinations of coloured gems and enamel with the Company's celebrated diamonds and pearls. Amethyst, topaz, olivine, as well as rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, marvellous in depth of

disturb the household peace. "How, then," concluded the speaker, "do these well-proved facts contrast with the erotic emotionalism of other places and people less pious, less simple, less pure?" And if we did not find an answer, we not the less found thoughts.

Returning to matters less profound, my French correspondents



colour and brilliancy, are used in exquisite designs and original combinations, as well as in copies of the best examples of antique jewellery. Some of the necklaces bear such wonderful similarity to

valuable and well-known designs that, set as they are in eighteen-carat gold, and with the utmost delicacy of detail, it would really "puzzle the Quaker" to say whether they had lain in family jewel-safes for years or whether they had been lately evolved from the clever fingers of the lapidary.

I suppose one of the numerous minor worries of most Londoners' lives lies in the difficulty of keeping their hands clean, particularly in winter. If a minor bother, it is, at least, a very real one, as anyone will own who counts the time a new pair of white gloves last immaculate—generally speaking, half-an-hour. One cause of this is the greasy, smutty atmosphere, another the hard water of London, a third the use of injurious soaps. Now we may be very vocal about the sweet, pure air of London, and think bad words, although unuttered, about its preposterous lime-laden water; but we can alter neither. With soap it is a different matter, and if any of us use other than Erasmic, which is at once sweet-scented and



A DAINTY MINIATURE-PENDANT  
MANUFACTURED BY THE  
PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

The Parisian Diamond Company, of Burlington Arcade, etc., offer miniature-pendants, an example of which we illustrate, at prices ranging from thirty shillings, according to the size.

soothing to the skin, then we deserve to suffer the worst that London water and London soot can contrive on our persecuted cuticle. Moreover, if we wish our husbands to go quietly and without unnecessary waste of vituperations during the ordeal of shaving, let us provide them with the dainty tubes of scarlet and gold in which live the saving shaving-sticks *par excellence* of Erasmic. For then will there be at breakfast-time, look you, no devilled drum-sticks nor doubly damsoned jam, but all sweetness, light, and sillabub—resulting on soap.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JULIET (Glastonbury).—The dresses appearing on our pages this week are by Lola, of Dover Street, and should be the sort of thing you want, from description. Write them for particulars.

SYBIL.

In "Mr. Lion of London; or, Some Affairs of the Heart," by J. J. B. (Hodder and Stoughton), the author of "Wee Macgregor" has (save in one short tale) forsworn the Scots dialect, and given us some skilfully planned stories in pure English. The opening tale of an omniscient Edinburgh tobacconist's fling at a London hotel is excellent, and "The Economising of Ethel," in which the young wife makes tomato-tins into hat-pegs, is very happily hit off.

The well-known Cap Martin Hotel, near Monte Carlo, has undergone considerable extensions, in anticipation of the forthcoming season, and the whole of the furnishings and fittings for these extensions have been carried out by Messrs. Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road, London.

The Festival Dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, which took place at De Keyser's Royal Hotel last Tuesday week, created a record, so far as that charity is concerned, both in the number present and in the amount of subscriptions received. Sir Horace Brooks Marshall, who presided, announced a total of over £2,400. Speeches were made by the Lord Mayor, Lord Burnham, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, Mr. Sheriff T. V. Bowater, and Mr. Fabian Ware (Editor of the *Morning Post*), and among the large number of guests present were His Excellency the Chinese Minister, the Lady Mayoress, Lady Marshall, Sir George Hayter Chubb, Bart., Sir Joseph Lawrence, M.P.,



FROM AMATEUR SWORDSMEN TO THEIR HONORARY SECRETARY:  
THE SILVER TRAY AND TEA-AND-COFFEE SERVICE PRESENTED TO  
MR. C. F. CLAY.

Mr. C. F. Clay, who is the Honorary Secretary of the Amateur Fencing Association, received the silver tray and tea-and-coffee service illustrated above as a gift from his brother swordsmen on the occasion of his marriage. The present was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139 and 141, Regent Street, W.

Mrs. Reeves (Helen Mathers), Sir John Macdonnell, K.C.B., the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., and Major-General Sir Alfred E. Turner.

The well-known firm of wine-merchants, Messrs. Hedges and Butler, make some interesting announcements in connection with the vintage of 1905.

With regard to port, we learn that "The vintage in the Douro district is just being completed. The absence of seasonable warmth in the past summer has resulted in a certain greenness in the wine and shortness in quantity, but the perfect weather which prevailed during the vintage has caused the wine to show better both in body and colour than was at first expected." The vintage in the Burgundy district took place in very wet weather. "The remarkably fine and warm days of July and early August gave promise of a good crop; but on Aug. 25 the weather suddenly changed, and it has rained nearly every day since. Generally the wines are green, lacking body, and have no keeping properties, and must be consumed quickly." Of champagne it is said: "The summer temperature has not been favourable to the vine, and in consequence the grapes have suffered from mildew, etc. The quality will certainly be very inferior, and there are no buyers of the new wine. The 1905's will be useless for commerce." The crops in the claret districts looked very promising up to about the third week in August, but since then there has been practically nothing but rain. "The 1905's will not be big wines, but they may be pleasant and flavoury." Writing of hock and moselle, Messrs. Hedges and Butler remark: "A few weeks of autumnal sunshine would have secured quite exceptionally fine quality that would have given some compensation for the great loss in quantity brought about by mildew, hailstorm, and insects. The grapes are ripe and sound, and a small but decidedly better than medium quality may be expected." It is generally anticipated that, as regards quantity, cognac brandy will be shorter than last year. "The wines will have less alcoholic degree, owing to the dampness that prevailed during the last part of September. On the whole, a good average vintage in quantity and quality may be expected."



HONOURING THE COMPOSER OF "MADAMA BUTTERFLY": THE SOUVENIR PRESENTED TO  
SIGNOR PUCCINI AT THE SUPPER GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR AT THE SAVOY.

The successful production of "Madama Butterfly" at Covent Garden was duly marked by a supper to Signor Puccini, given at the Savoy by several of the leaders of London Society and the principal artistes of the Italian Opera Company. The small photographs on the souvenir represent (on the left) Mme. Melba, Mme. Giachetti, and Mme. Lejeune; (on the right) Signors de Marchi, Sammarco, and Zenatello; and (in the centre) Signor Mugnone. The extracts from Opera scores, reproduced at the corners of the photograph of Signor Puccini, are in the composer's writing.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 13.*

## THE IMPROVING MARKETS.

**D**ESPITE the stringency of money, which has put up discounts to over 4 per cent. for three months' fine paper, and a Bank Return which could not be called cheering, the markets have certainly been firmer and more satisfactory than of late. The situation in Russia might have been expected to disorganise the Paris Market, but, so far, has not done so, and, inasmuch as it promises a postponement of the new Loan, is a distinct relief here. Consols have recovered from the extreme depression which put them below 88, and Home Rails have been in considerable demand. Even Kaffirs have presented a bolder front, especially the Paris favourites.

Our illustration this week continues the series of pictures of the Westralian timber trade, and presents a view of the interior of a big mill of the Millar Company, where a circular-saw bench is converting what is known as a "fletch" into sawn timber of marketable size.

## JAPANESE LOANS.

No less than six different Internal Loans of the Japanese Government are now being dealt in, five of the issues carrying 6 per cent. interest, and the other being that little 5 per cent. emission quoted in 500-yen bonds. The five are each negotiated on the basis of 1,000 yen nominal, equal to £102 1s. 8d., and the prices range from 95½ for Series II. and III. to 101 for Series IV., which, in point of time, was the first of the 6 per cent. loans to appear on this side. That these issues will be repaid at par out of the proceeds of the forthcoming new issue is generally regarded as likely; but it will be well to await the prospectus with regard to this, lest disappointment follow. To sell any of the Japanese bonds at discount prices is needless, because ultimately they will, in all probability, improve to par, even the present Fours. It may happen that the issue of another new and heavy loan, such as that now pending, will provide a signal for some holders of existing bonds to realise, in order to put the money into the new; but we doubt very much whether this will be the case, and, in any event, it would be but a temporary influence.

## THE SAN PAULO RAILWAY AND OTHER THINGS.

**SAN PAULO (BRAZILIAN) RAILWAY COMPANY.**—It was a very satisfactory report that the Chairman had to give the shareholders on Wednesday. After making all the usual distributions, the amount carried forward is £66,000, as compared with £13,000 twelve months ago. In addition to this, the actual sterling receipts for the current half-year show an increase of £90,000. It is probable, therefore, that the profits for the whole year will constitute a record, and it is certain that the regular distribution of 12 per cent. will be more than earned. There are only two criticisms which can be directed against the report. The great increase in earnings is largely due to the rise in the exchange. As regards this, it is thought that the large amount of foreign capital that has been introduced into Brazil and the very prosperous condition of trade in the country make for a steady rate of exchange. The second criticism which has been made in some quarters is that the working expenses in the half-year have been nearly 65 per cent., as against 60 per cent. in 1904. This increase, however, is simply due to the fact that advantage has been taken of the great prosperity of the Company to spend much larger sums than usual upon the permanent way. As to the future, the Chairman was able to sum up his remarks by saying that he saw no reason to fear any interruption whatever in the prosperity of the Company. It is pretty clear that more than the usual 12 per cent. will be earned this year; but probably the Directors will be satisfied to maintain the dividend at this satisfactory figure, and still further add to the already large Reserve Fund of over £500,000, which is invested in Consols. In these circumstances the Ordinary Stock cannot be considered overvalued at its present price, at which it returns very nearly 6 per cent., and I think the stock should advance in time to at least 220, at which it would still return 5½ per cent.

The steadily increasing demand for rubber is causing much attention to be given to rubber-producing Companies. I hear well of a Company which has recently been floated, and has a strong Board, the *Anglo-Malay Rubber Company*. The production of rubber is also likely to prove a valuable source

of revenue to some of the Ceylon Tea Companies. I would especially draw attention to the *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company*, which has paid a dividend of 15 per cent. for seventeen consecutive years. This Company started planting rubber-trees in 1897, and at the date of the last report had over 150,000 trees planted. As it takes about eight years for a rubber-tree to come into bearing, the older trees are just beginning to be tapped, and from now onwards a steadily increasing income will be derived from this entirely new source. The Company has still another string to its bow in its cocoanut estates, which produced over £8,000 last year: this was from a picking of 547,073 nuts, but when the estates are in full bearing they are expected to yield 3,750,000 nuts. The outlook for the Company is, therefore, an exceedingly good one, and a purchase of the shares at the present price of about £30 for the £10 share would be likely to prove a profitable one.

November 3, 1905.

## GOLD FIELDS AND CHARTERED.

Upon the prices of these two hang most of the other active quotations in the Kaffir Circus. The open account, as illustrated by the contango-rates, is a curiously contradictory one, for, whereas the bears largely predominate in the Gold Fields market, the bulls would seem to be in a decided majority in the Chartered department. The rate on Chartered, however, is probably no true criterion of the state of the account, although the public are still bulls on balance, having joined the gamble a few weeks back, when Chartered rose to 2½ and looked like touching 50s. easily. However little confidence one may have in the future of Rhodesia as a heavy gold-producer, it has been demonstrated over and over again that a purchase of Chartered shares under 2 may be counted upon to produce a profit sooner or later. The

annual report is due so shortly that to prophesy upon the verge of its appearance is to take more than ordinary risks, but, ridding one's mind of all the windy optimism recently talked about what the report will disclose, the broad precedent of Chartered being worth anything under 2 is worthy of study by the speculator who will take up his shares and wait for the profit to accrue. With regard to Gold Fields, we have maintained on many occasions when the shares were much higher that the intrinsic value is nearer five pounds than seven, and, writing ahead of the dividend announcement, report, and meeting, we have no hesitation in reaffirming our idea, while fully

admitting that the heavy short account in the shares makes the possibility of sharp bear squeezes always a matter for consideration.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"It has always been one of my most cherished ambitions," said The Broker, "to write a series of articles entitled 'My Clients.'"

"Why?" asked The Engineer, and

"It's been done before," said The City Editor, simultaneously.

"Why? Oh, just to relieve some of the pent-up feelings that I sometimes feel towards my—my—"

"Victims?" suggested The Jobber.

"My bread-and-butter is what I wanted to say, only less unpoetically."

"It's been done before," repeated The City Editor.

"Say 'they have been done before,' and you will be quite as truthful," was The Jobber's hoary jest.

"I think clients have much just cause of complaint against their brokers," remarked The Solicitor, very quietly. But he raised a general laugh, and The Broker's smile had something forced about it.

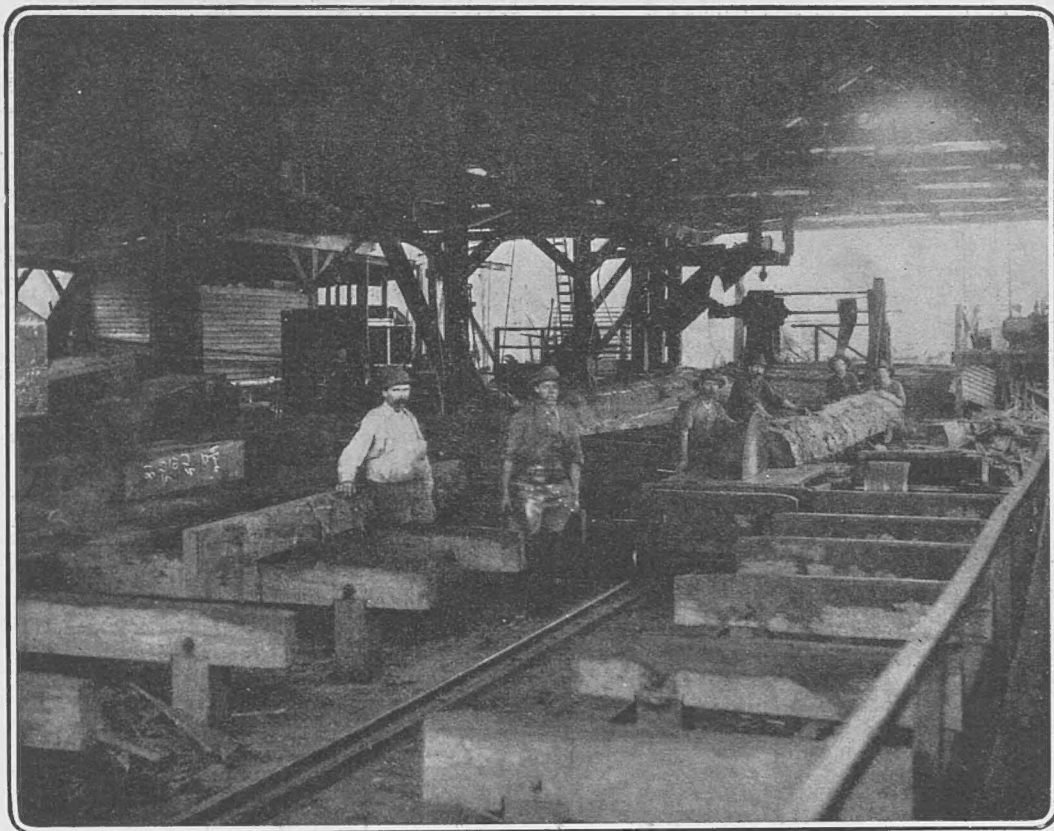
Everyone looked at The Solicitor.

"Yes," he continued. "For one thing, your average broker frequently behaves as though he were doing you a great favour in acting for you."

"Not if you don't want half-commission," exclaimed The Broker, bending forward to send his thrust the further home.

"We never take it," pursued The Solicitor, with calmness. "But the condescension is palpable, all the same. And then—"

"The broker's advice has been known to err," added The Engineer, taking up the running.



THE WESTRALIAN TIMBER TRADE: CONVERTING A "FLETCH" INTO SAWN TIMBER.



"But we forgive divinely," put in The Jobber.

His Housefellow laughed. "Have I not said a hundred times that it's a mistake for you to consult a broker about speculation? Upon investments, yes; upon speculations, never!"

"Dear me!" said the Banker. "Are we not getting near to personalities?"

"Did you say 'dear me' or 'dear money,' sir?" asked The City Editor. "I am rather interested in the latter, because we are taking the view in our paper that—"

"Then I take the other," declared The Jobber. "When I see an opinion in a newspaper I always go and act upon the reverse of it."

"It's to be hoped you don't read more than one paper," remarked The Merchant, "because they so flatly contradict each other that it's difficult—"

"Not at all," retorted The City Editor. "Any writer, especially on finance, who cannot upon occasion make two opposing statements in a single article does not deserve the name of prophet."

"Is Saul also among—?"

"My name, sir, is not Saul; nothing so appalling."

"Dear me!" said The Banker again; "what quarrelsome weather we're having, are we not?"

The Solicitor cordially agreed, and so did The City Editor. "I think we were discussing dear money," he observed, affably.

"I doubt we may be able to get through the year with a 4 per cent. Rate," The Banker said.

"Do you mean we shall, or shall not, see the present rate maintained?" inquired The Merchant.

"That we shall not have to bear a higher rate," The Banker explained. "Why do you ask?"

"In which case, good things should be held," was the evasive reply.

"Most certainly. See how cheap India Threes and Irish are."

"Don't much like the Irish stock," commented The Merchant. "Lot more to come."

"It pays £3 per cent. on the money and is guaranteed by the British Treasury," The Banker pointed out.

"I deal in Yankees now," said The Jobber, judiciously.

"Trunks are as bad," growled The Engineer. "They caught me a bull before the last statement, and—"

"I know what you're going to say," and The Jobber caught him up quickly.

"So do we all," The Broker said. "He's going to say he will never touch them again. Never! So there!"

"Good guess!" laughed The Engineer. "Not but what I dare say Ordinary and Thirds should be bought if prices drop another point or so."

"As they will," The Broker foretold. "Trunk Firsts and Seconds are good and cheap investments, though."

"Canadas are bound for 200," declared The Jobber, as though he knew.

"Russian civil war would stop all the steam in the markets," said The City Editor.

"That's right," The Jobber taunted him. "Quarrel with your bread-and-cheese; cry stinking fish, slate every blessed stock there is, from Consols to Kempinkotes."

"Talking of Kempinkotes, I hear that the rise in Australian Broken Hills isn't over," remarked The Engineer.

"And I am told to put my money into Lloyd Copper again," The Merchant added.

"What rotten gambles!" exclaimed The Jobber. "I'd rather go a bear of Steel Common or Unions, and wait developments."

"Developments might prove unpleasant," said The Engineer. "Getting out here?"

"Yes, I must. Unpleasant? Stock Exchange Devels. usually are. Good-day, gentlemen!"

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

LIEUT. R. N.—You might go to Messrs. Marks and Clarke, of Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

H. A. B.—Your letter was answered on the 31st ult.

L. G.—(1) The Syndicate's accounts are made up to June 30 and presented this month. We have no material for forming an opinion as to the coming dividend excepting that last year was a favourable one for the nitrate trade. (2) The Railway Preference shares are not in sight of a dividend yet, and it would be absurd to guess at when that happy day will arrive. It seems as if there might be one on the Second Preference stock as soon as on the shares in question. Both are remote.

H. R. H.—Your letter was answered on the 3rd inst.

EDIN.—We do not think the Mexican Ordinary can be looked upon as hopeful. The other concern may well go higher if the Canadian boom continues. We never suggest prices in cases of this sort, when the wise man is guided by circumstances.

V. V. V.—We doubt the shares going much higher, but the present return is fairly assured, if that is what you mean.

G. C.—All the shares are said to be alive and with chances of turning out well. Of course, they are speculations.

R. K.—We hear good accounts of both. (1) As to the Copper Company, it is managed by John Taylor and Son, which is a recommendation. (2) The Zinc Corporation should be cheap even at present price if the process is all right, and for this Bewick Moreing vouch. We have not technical knowledge to give an opinion.

ANTIPODEAN.—The Company is a good one, but the ore is not of high value. You may very likely have to hold a good bit longer before a rise comes. The capital is too big. We are not hopeful of a Kafir boom. Thank you for the information as to Mount Lyell and Hobart Trams. You would do well to invest in things under your eye rather than in Kafir.

#### HOW WINTER AFFECTS WOMEN.

The skin of the face is constantly exposed to all kinds of weather influences, and even indoors to dust, smoke, the close air of the house, and sometimes to the deleterious effects of habitually overheated rooms. The consequence is that with all this exposure the skin becomes dry, the pores clogged, and a dragged and faded look is very soon apparent. People begin to say of a woman, "How old she looks!" or "She has lost her pretty bloom!" And what is the reason? The poor face is seldom thoroughly cleansed from the mass of various impurities which find a lodgment on the skin, and the latter is actually impoverished by the rubbings and scrubbings inflicted on it with a view to mend matters. The oil which a healthy skin secretes, a part of the natural provision for its protection and preservation, becomes dried up, and the soft pink turns to a hard brick-red, the creamy white to an ugly sallow tint.

"She ought not to look so old; she can't be more than forty," says someone. And that someone is perfectly right. Had proper care been taken of the skin, the woman of forty would have been more likely to look but twenty-seven. Here is what I have done. Knowing exactly what is needed, I provided a "food for the skin," which, if regularly and intelligently applied, actually provides for the face and all that the lack of care has deprived it of. First of all, the skin regains its pristine softness, and by degrees, as its elasticity is restored, the dry, hard, fixed colour gives way to treatment, and the complexion is soon most marvellously improved.

Pomeroy Skin Food is no mere haphazard preparation, in which certain ingredients are thrown together without thought as to their action upon

each other, even though each may be separately valuable in itself. On the contrary, like all my preparations, Pomeroy Skin Food is the result of the most precise and scientific care. It contains no lanoline or vaseline or animal fat, as some preparations do, with the result that a growth of hair on the cheeks is an extremely unpleasant surprise! In Pomeroy Skin Food there is nothing whatever of the sort. It is suitable for every kind of skin (and there are great differences of texture and character), and is beneficial to all complexions. It is a good friend in the nursery, being a perfect emollient for children.

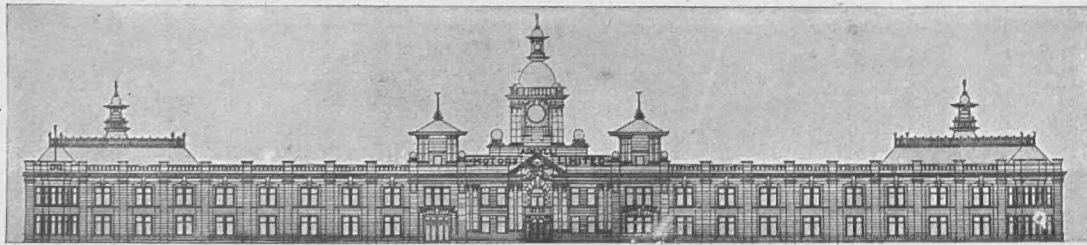
Treatment by correspondence is one of the salient features of my practice, and my advice through the post is all the more practically valuable from the fact that the actual results of my skill are every day before my eyes in the persons of my clients treated in my Bond Street headquarters. In this way, anyone who reads "Beauty Rules" (sent gratis and post paid all the world over) and wishes for advice can secure the best in the world by writing off to me, addressing the letter, "Mrs. Pomeroy, Desk K.S., 29, Old Bond Street, W."

Now, no one could read my "Beauty Rules" without discovering at once that I have gone to the very root of the matter. The reader can feel that her whole confidence may be given to one who knows so well what is needed, and who has had so many years' practical experience in skilfully applying that knowledge, and, as a worker, I can testify to the soothing and refreshing character of the treatment.

All the Pomeroy Toilet Preparations mentioned in "Beauty Rules" can be obtained post free from the above address, or, if more convenient, from your local chemist.

#### A GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRY.

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MOTORS.



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MOTORS.

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View of the 550-feet Office Frontage. The whole works cover 11 acres of floor space, mostly one storey construction.

#### "ARGYLL" Motor Cars

cost. The present works at Bridgeton, Glasgow, have proved altogether inadequate to cope with the demand, but even from Bridgeton the Company have made and delivered 220 CARS, representing £90,000 IN MONEY and a capacity of 3,500 HORSE POWER during April, May, and June, 1905. 67 in April, 74 in May, 79 in June. The New Factory now rapidly approaching completion will provide for AN OUTPUT OF 2,000 CARS PER ANNUM.

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Write for our "K" Illustrated Catalogue for 1905, sent post free.